

W D H S



THE
NARRATOR





PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Graduation is a bittersweet time of year. This is particularly true for me this year since it is the first time that both the Graduating Classes have made their start in high school under my principalship. Your own nostalgia will be greatly tempered by your anticipation of further attainments.

This is a proud time for you, your parents, and your teachers. You are graduates. For the past four or five years your main aim has been to graduate. This, of course, is only the beginning, "The Commencement", of your career. Your second step may be further education or, your first regular employment.

May the training you received in the classroom, in the gymnasium, on the playing field and through your student organizations stand you in good stead. If you are to achieve your greatest possible degree of success you must apply yourself to the task at hand. Do your best to serve with enthusiasm, loyalty and integrity. If you do this you will make us as proud of you as we hope to be.

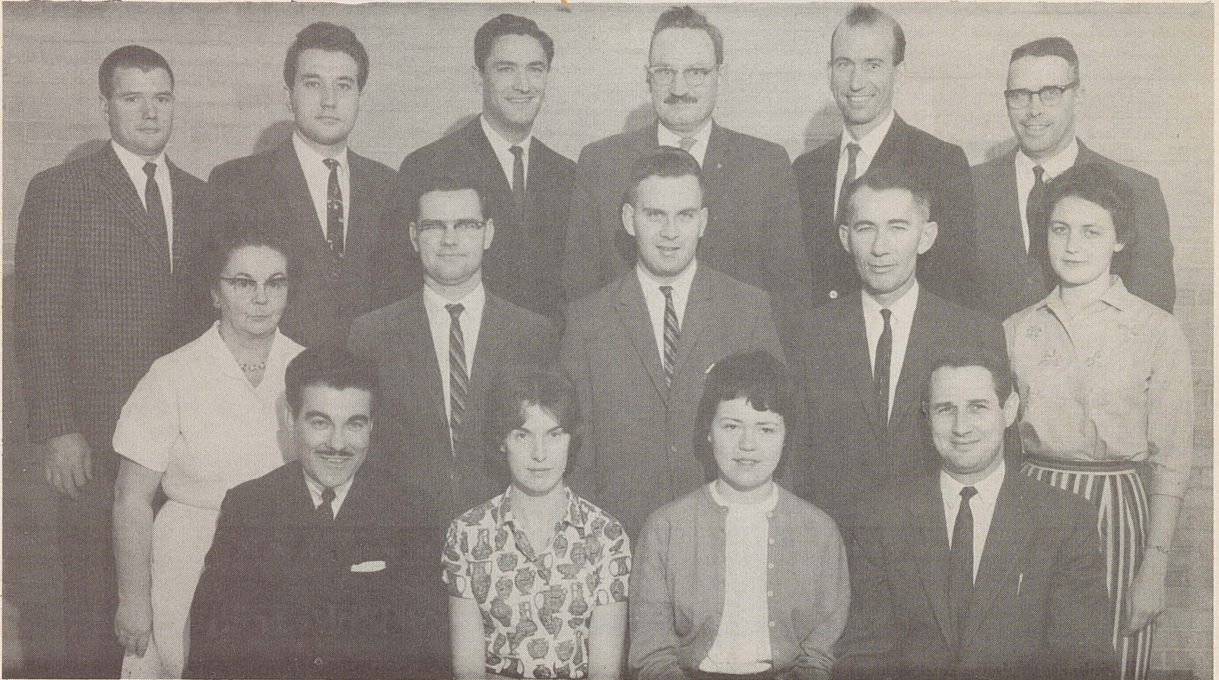
The staff and students join me in wishing for you the happiness that comes from a job well done.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "G. C. Young". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large initial "G" and a long, sweeping underline.

—G. C. YOUNG, Principal.

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TEACHING STAFF

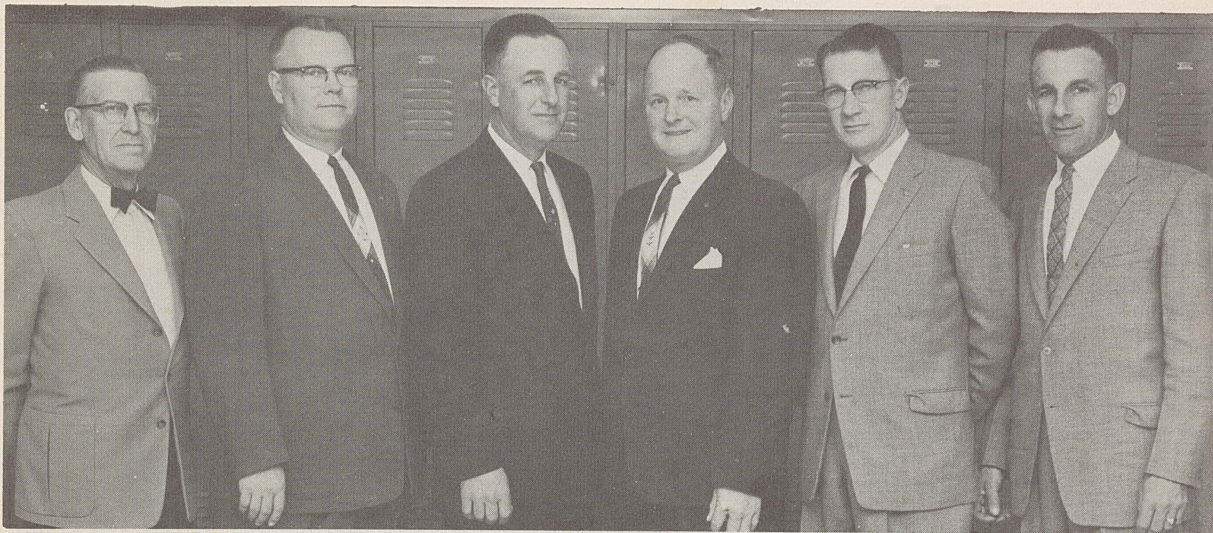


Front Row (left to right): Mr. Dupperon, Mrs. E. Young, Miss Markham, Mr. Roberts.
 SECOND ROW: Mrs. Newman, Mr. Pouget, Mr. McTavish, Mr. Whelan, Miss Chauvin.
 THIRD ROW: Mr. McLeod, Mr. E. Young, Mr. Quenneville, Mr. G. Young, Mr Barwick, Mr. Harrison.

TEACHERS' FAVOURITE SAYINGS

- Mr. Barwick Superfast .
- Mr. Harrison All right! Settle down, no more talking.
- Mr. Dupperon Did you get the point?
- Mr. McLeod "Five push ups".
- Miss Markham Quiet, the period has not ended yet.
- Mr. Quenneville Put your gum in the basket.
- Mr. Pouget Take advantage of these first five minutes.
- Mrs. Young This knitting is for a friend?
- Mr. E. Young Years of experience.
- Mrs. Newman Come now girls.
- Mr. G. Young Would the following people please report to me at 3:30 . . .
- Mr. Whelan "No talking".
- Miss Chauvin Class dismissed.
- Mr. Roberts What period is this? Literature or Composition.
- Mr. McTavish No use wasting your time doing nothing. Get to work!

THE BOARD



Dr. A. Hildebrand, Mr. C. Webster (Sec.-Treas.), Mr. J. Lonsberry, Mr. R. Pollard, Mr. K. Buchanan, Mr. R. Clark (Chairman).

BEST WISHES FROM THE BOARD . . .

As Chairman of the Harrow District High School Board, I appreciate this opportunity to make a few remarks in your year book.

Greater emphasis is being placed on the education of our young people as time moves on. At the present time, additional vocational facilities are being provided so that every child will receive training in a field commensurate with his ability, thus enabling him to earn a decent living and make a better contribution to society.

We will continue to keep abreast of the developments as they come along, and attempt to maintain all the standards required. We appreciate the work of our Principal, Staff and Student Body. Your efforts have contributed to the fine standing Harrow District High School has maintained through the years.

May I extend to all of you every success at present and in the future.

—ROBERT CLARK, Chairman, H.D.H.S.

OFFICE — CARETAKER — CAFETERIA STAFF



Mr. O'Connor, Mrs. Croucher, Mrs. Sinfield, Mrs. Shepley, Mr. Sellick

THE NARRATOR STAFF



FRONT ROW (left to right): Mr. Barwick, Harold Thrasher, Lee Ann Munger, Marcia Richardson, Barbara Fox, Mr. Pouget.

BACK ROW: Nancy Schwartz, Mabel Hawkins, Witold Dudzic, Allan Fabok, Jack Kehl, Tam Brydon, Shirley Bedal, Donna Bezaire.

NARRATOR EXECUTIVE . . .

Marcia Richardson	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
Lee Ann Munger	-	-	Co-Editor
Harold Thrasher	-	-	Assistant Editor
Barbara Fox	-	-	Assistant Editor
Shirley Bedal	-	-	Social Editor
Mabel Hawkins	-	-	Assistant Social Editor
Nancy Schwartz	-	-	Literary Editor
Donna Bezaire	-	-	Girls Sports Editor
Jack Kehl	-	-	Boys Sports Editor
Witold Dudzic	-	-	Advertising Manager
Joe Bernat	-	-	Art Editor
Alan Fabok	-	-	Art Editor

NARRATION . . .

What is a year book? Our year book, the "Narrator" gives its readers an account of all the year's happenings.

This year our school was very fortunate in winning three championships. We are very proud of the excellent co-ordination within our teams. There has not been any misfortunes to mar these memorable occasions within our student body.

Within our year book we have attempted to display all the happy and sad times of the students of Harrow High during the past year. In the future, this book will recall all the memories of 1961-62 and may even show us some of the leaders of our community.

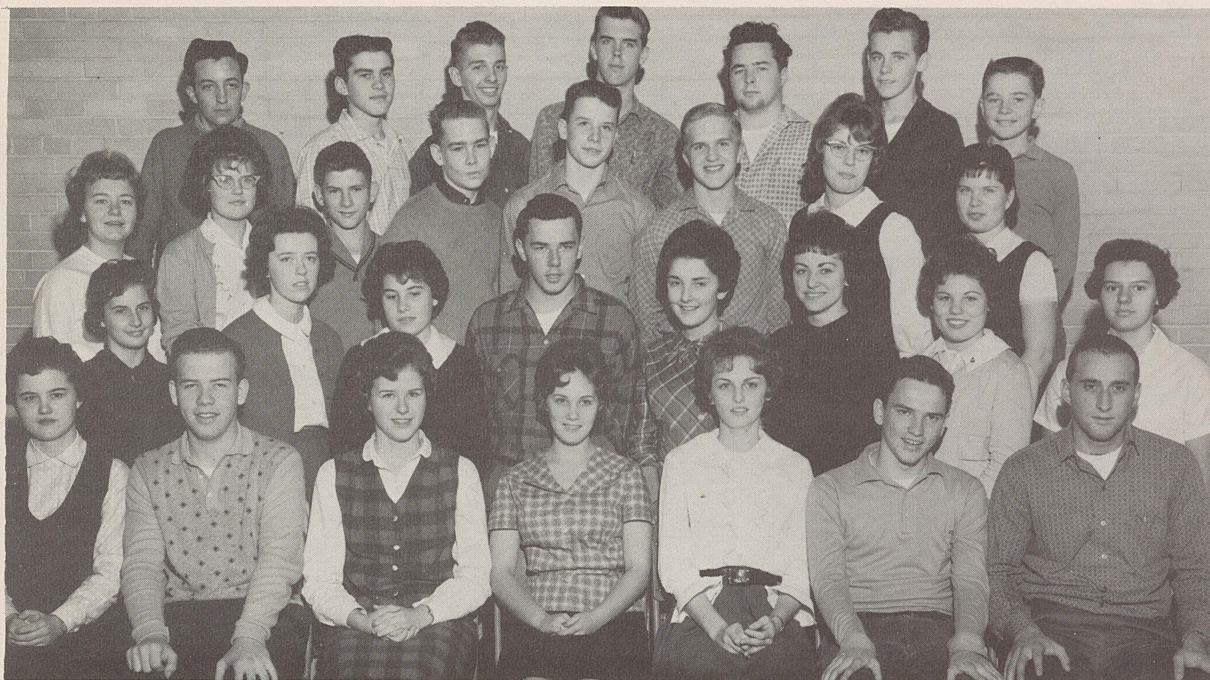
I would like to take the opportunity at this time to thank the executive, the separate editors, the assistants, the reporters, and all others who have helped to make it possible this year, to publish this year book.

I think that special appreciation should be given to Mr. J. Barwick and Mr. G. Pouget who so willingly gave their time to help in the production of our year book.

I would like to give many thanks for the opportunity of working with the year book staff, and their endless co-operation. It has certainly been a great honour and pleasure to be editor-in-chief of this, our year book.

Marcia Richardson
Editor-in-chief

STUDENTS' COUNCIL



FRONT ROW (left to right): Darlene Brown, Don Mortimore (Treasurer), Marcia Richardson, Linda Scott (President), Joan Founk (Secretary), Malcolm Young, John Morin.

SECOND ROW: Donna Bezaire, Nancy Doyle, Marilyn Grondin, Jim Brimner, Barbara Clark, Kathy Gaertner, Carolyn Grondin, Hilda Schmidt.

THIRD ROW: Lee Ann Munger, Charlene Bondy, Charles Lockhart, Skip Cox, Dennis Harrison, John MacDonald, Sandra Chevalier, Marjorie Anson.

BACK ROW: Ed Affleck, George Loscher, Ken Herniman, Ron Herniman, Kenny Baldwin, Paul Langlois, Gary Baltzer.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 1961-62

The election for Students' Council representatives, was held in September of 1961. The student body selected twelve class presidents, twelve class vice-presidents and an executive of five. Our first meeting was held on October 6, 1961 at which plans were begun for this year.

Our first activities included the election of twelve cheerleaders, the carrying out of Field Day, and the planning of Initiation. Later in the term, Student Activity Cards were sold. We closed the year with a Christmas Party featuring "Sing Along With Mitch", the presentation of teacher's gifts, and a volleyball game between the senior teams and the teachers. Several successful dances were held during the year.

As President of the Students' Council, I wish to thank the capable representatives, executive and advisors, Mr. Barwick and Mr. Whelan for their faithful service. I also wish the best for next year's council.

Linda Scott
President

STUDENTS' COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

President	-	-	-	-	-	Linda Scott
1st Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	Malcolm Young
2nd Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	Marcia Richardson
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	Joan Founk
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Don Mortimore
Past President	-	-	-	-	-	Jim Brimner

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Grade 13	—	John Morin, Darlene Brown.
Grade 12A	—	Nancy Doyle, Ken Herniman.
Grade 12B	—	Ken Baldwin, Donna Bezaire.
Grade 12C	—	Kathy Gaertner, Ed Affleck.
Grade 11A	—	Lee Ann Munger, George Loscher.
Grade 11B	—	Malcolm Cox, Hilda Schmidt.
Grade 10A	—	Ron Herniman, Marjorie Anson.
Grade 10B	—	Gary Baltzer, Carolyn Grondin.
Grade 10C	—	John MacDonald, Barbara Clark.
Grade 9A	—	Dennis Harrison, Sandra Chevalier.
Grade 9B	—	Charlene Bondy, Paul Langlois.
Grade 9C	—	Marilyn Grondin, Charles Lockhart.
Cheerleaders	—	Linda Quick.
Red Cross	—	Donna Bezaire.

GRADE IXA



FRONT ROW (left to right): Susan Rayner, Julie Szabo, Marilyn Chittle, Sandra Brrush, Inga Frank, Connie Langlois, Lois Murray.
 SECOND ROW: Joyce Hill, Sally Meek, Donna Croucher, Sandra Chevalier, Louise Brookland, Beverley Brimmer, Eileen Strohm, Catherine Thorpe, Dixie Mills, Sandra Hines.
 THIRD ROW: Irma Gross, Chris Williams, Bill Elford, James McKeen, Eddy Mutterback, Henry Shura, Margaret Schwartz.
 BACK ROW: Brian Munro, John Holinsky, Ed McConnell, Denis Harrison, David Thrasher, John McCormick, Joop Demeris, James Pollard, Orie Wigle.
 Absent—Ginger Webster.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION OF IXA . . .

Ginger Webster — Guess what, Ron called me.

Joyce Hill — Yes sir.

Donna Croucher — Oh, I don't know.

Sandra Chevalier — Well, it's like this . . .

Eileen Strohm — Oh gee.

Catherine Thorpe — Don't talk to me.

Gayle Murray — He's so kind.

Inga Frank — What did he say?

Sally Meek — Am I late?

Sandra Brush — Just you wait and see.

Irma Gross — Oh darn it.

Marilyn Chittle — That's nice.

Connie Langlois — What do you want to do?

Sandra Hines — Let's go to Amherstburg, eh.

Louise Brookland — O.K. let's go.

Susan Rayner — I wonder where he is?

Dixie Mills — Here I am all you lucky people.

Beverley Brimmer — I'll ask Bob.

Erica Weniger — He's so conceited.

Julie Szabo — I hate French.

Margaret Schwartz — Never mind.

Joe Demeris — No sir, nothing's wrong.

Ted Thrasher — I didn't do anything.

Denis Harrison — I resemble that remark.

Jim Pollard — I can't be bothered.

John McCormick — Shouldn't it be . . .

Bill Elford — I don't get it.

Eddie Mutterback — That's very interesting.

Orrie Wigle — I can't pronounce it.

Chris Williams — What homework do we have?

Henry Shura — Good morning everybody.

Jim McKeen — O.K., you're gonna get it.

Brian Munro — Oh, Catherine, please say yes.

Ed McConnell — What did he say he did?

—Susan Rayner

GRADE IXB



FRONT ROW (left to right): Bonnie Reid, Hilda Pacantos, Pauline Quick, Charlene Bondy, Rita Weniger, Louise Baltzer, Ruth Ann Vogeli.
SECOND ROW: Ellen Nelson, Burnetta Day, David Sellick, Brian Labombard, James Gagnier, Douglas Iler, Bill Murray, Greg Townsend, Judy Mulder.
THIRD ROW: JoAnne Wright, Corry Balvert, Barbara Sweet, Barbara Lankin, Betty France, Lissa Cox, Barbara Ferriss, Cheryl Sinasac.
BACK ROW: Walter Stewart, Paul Langlois, John Anderson, Gerald Bondy, Robert Herniman, Bob Vagi, Richard Smith, Brian Meyers, Howard Sellick. Absent—Frank Seitz.

CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . ?

John Anderson — not knowing all the science answers?

Paul Langlois — without a wise crack?

Douglas Iler — chasing girls?

Brian LaBombard — forgetting to ask a question?

David Sellick — not telling horror stories?

Robert Herniman — not singing in math class?

Burnetta Day — with lockjaw?

Judy Mulder — without a smile?

Ellen Nelson — acting like a lady in P.E. class?

Lissa Cox — getting to basketball practice on time?

Corry Balvert — going steady with you know who?

Louise Baltzer — with marks below 70?

Barbara Lankin — with a pixie?

Charlene Bondy — having her geography homework done?

Robert Vagi — reciting poetry to a girl on a date?

Randy Meyers — writing poetry for Bob?

Howard Sellick — agreeing with Mr. Quenneville in French?

Greg Townsend — staying out of trouble?

Richard Smith — with his assignments done?

Bill Murray — without a detention?

Jimmy Gageny — as a French teacher?

Bonnie Kay Reid — shouting in class?

Hilda Pacantos — being five foot five?

Barbara Ferriss — giving up on D.M.?

Marilyn Snively — answering questions in French?

Pauline Quick — wearing rags to school?

Rita Weniger — making eyes at Mr. McLeod?

Ruth Ann Vogeli — writing love notes to R.V.?

Cheryl Sinasac — with all notes up to date?

Betty France — not playing x's and o's in science class?

JoAnne Wright — selling car parts at noon?

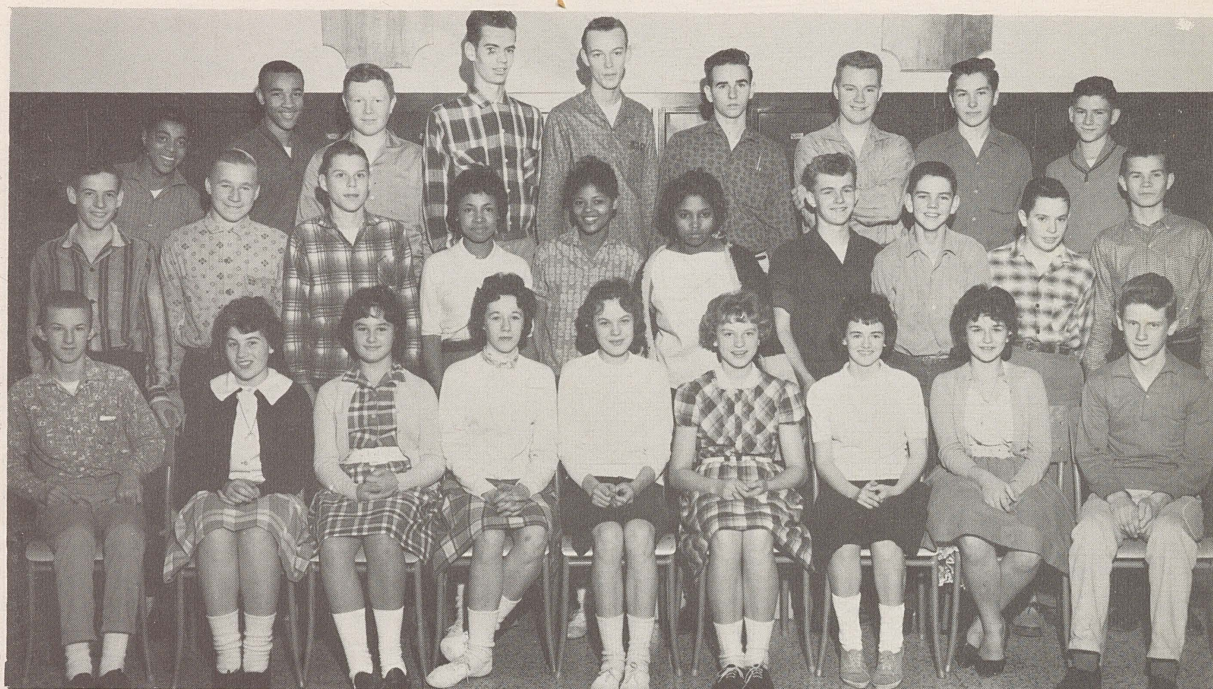
Barbara Sweet — making eyes at the boys?

Gerry Bondy — making like an angel in Geography?

Walter Stewart — not goofing off in every class?

—BETTY AND LOUISE BALTZER

GRADE IXC



FRONT ROW (left to right): Jim Finlay, Marilyn Grondin, Doreen Malott, Carol Ford, Teril Shepley, Helen Hodolich, Elaine Manley, Linda Stevens, Doug Hertel.

SECOND ROW: Pat Pare, Henry Newmiller, Mike Topolovich, Betty Baylis, Ethelda Mulder, Violet Baylis, Robert Damm, Roger Pouget, Douglas Stroud, Wallace Anson.

BACK ROW: James Mulder, Sylvester Smith, Harry Knight, Donald Kay, Bruce Iler, Kenny McLean, Doug Gillan, Bruce MacIntosh, Charles Lockart. Absent—Bill Bezaire.

COULD YOU IMAGINE . . .?

Doreen Malott — hating Jerry D.?

Marilyn Grondin — as a basketball player?

Elaine Manley — going with a six-footer?

Carol Ford — having honours?

Terril Shepley — being an innocent little girl?

Linda Stephens — without R.A. all over her books?

Violet Baylis — shouting at the top of her voice?

Helen Hodolich — hating Jerry R.?

Mickey Topolovich — without his grin?

Betty Baylis — a French teacher?

Doug Hertel — failing?

Jim Finlay — doing his science homework?

Bill Bezaire — having his History homework done?

Wallace Anson — knowing what's going on in class?

Bruce MacIntosh — not laughing at Doug's jokes?

Ethelda Mulder — not talking about Carl?

Henry Newmiller — as a romantic fool?

Jim Mulder — not getting in trouble?

Robert Damm — standing still?

Doug Gillan — worried?

Donald Kay — knowing something?

Kenneth McLean — leaving the taps alone in science?

Harry Knight — weighing 110 lbs.?

Pat Pare — keeping away from Joyce H.?

Charles Lockhart — going with a girl 6'1"?

Doug Stroud — fooling around in class?

Silvester Smith — getting 100 in composition?

Roger Pouget — not going with Margaret S.?

GRADE XA



FIRST ROW: Marjorie Anson, Dorothy Mulder, Carolyn Baylis, Edna Mulder, Mary Harris.

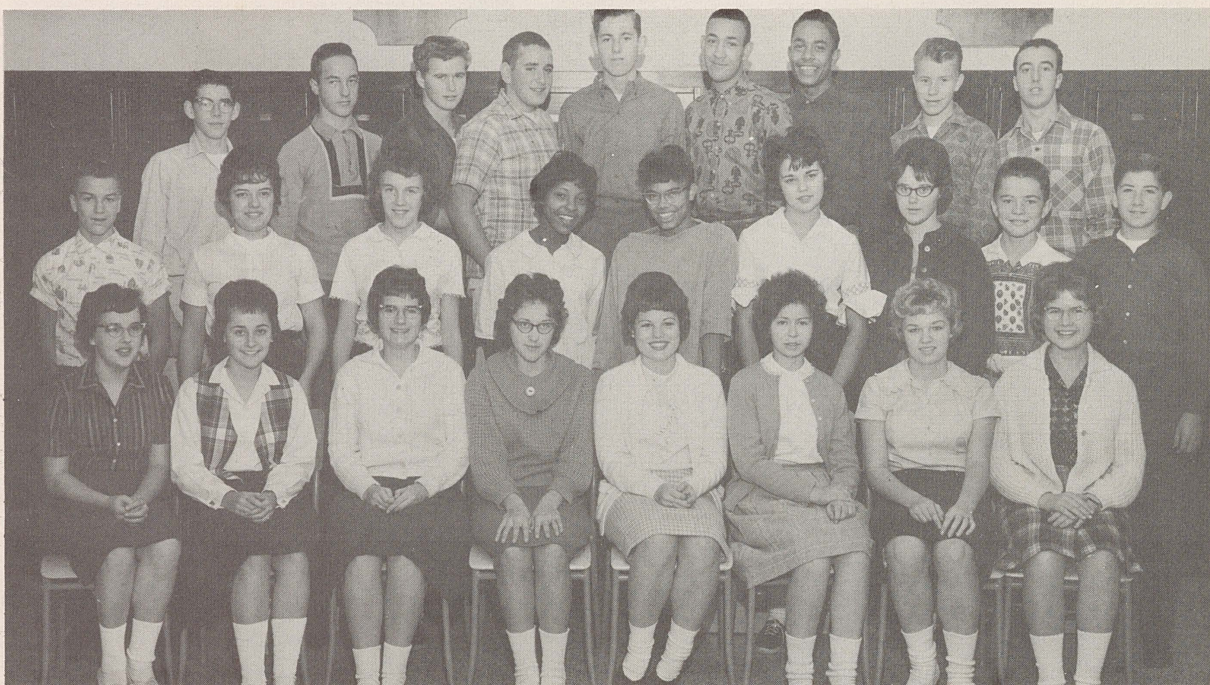
SECOND ROW: Merle Howie, George Hric, Richard Pollard, Jerry Pigeon, Gerry Ralston, Don Marontate.

BACK ROW: Bill Funston, Richard Pare, Lloyd Cook, Stuart Royner, Ron Herniman, Gerry Wass.

GRADE XA . . .

NAMES	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	WEAKNESS	CAUSE OF DEATH	DEATH
R. HERNIMAN	Who me!	Talking in class.	Called down to the office.	Didn't have his homework done.
R. POLLARD	I can't afford to buy cigarettes	Cows.	Smoking.	His father does not know.
R. PARE	I forgot.	Homework.	Late for Class.	Mr. Roberts.
S. RAYNER	I understand sir.	His sister.	High Altitude.	Lack of oxygen.
J. PIGEON	I left it at home.	Excuses.	Couldn't think of any more.	He was caught.
J. RALSTON	Collars up.	Women.	Lipstick.	He got caught by his girl-friend.
G. HRIC	Power-shift.	Hot-rods.	Four on the floor.	Dual exhaust.
B. FUNCTON	Give that to me.	High bar.	Lifting 5 lbs.	They fell.
L. COOK	I'm here sir.	Teachers.	Lack of food.	Bent over too far.
D. MARONTATE	Don't hit me.	Chickens.	A dozen broken eggs.	Mr. Harrison.
J. WASS	What a figure.	Beautiful girls.	Those legs.	Those knees.
M. HOWIE	Another class.	Eng. Lit.	Eng. Lit. exam.	Mr. Duperon.
M. HARRIS	Come on baby.	Men.	The twist.	Dislocated knee.
D. MULDER	Don't do that George.	Rock-roll.	A real man.	A cold night.
E. MULDER	I've got a secret.	Chubby.	1920 roadster.	A flat tire.
C. BAYLIS	I'm going to tell on you.	Bubble gum.	A run in nylons.	Two left feet.
M. ANSON	Kiss my foot.	Black leather jackets.	No place to hid.	Mother-in-law.

GRADE XB



FRONT ROW (left to right): Rosemary Bondy, Carol Fabok, Bernice Brush, Mary Kordyban, Carolyn Grondin, Linda Hernandez, Ernestine Reidl, Carolyn Chittle.

MIDDLE ROW: Jim Gignac, Elaine Bailey, Gloria Eansor, Diane Mulder, Linda Taylor, Carol Kisser, Cheryl Ferriss, Gary Baltzer, Leslie Peter.

BACK ROW: Raymond Agla, Rudy Tomek, Brent Johnson, Jim Wright, Gary Gammon, Leon Smith, Ron Taylor, Gerry Gignac, Tom Bondy.

GRADE XB . . .

It is 1970 and XB is having a class reunion and we are seeing what each one is doing.

Carol Kisser — Dancing instructor of the pony.

Ernie Reidl — A secretary for Mr. Shepley.

Carol Fabok — Still waiting for Troy.

Carolyn Chittle — Championship basketball player?

Gloria Eansor — Keeping care of Jimmy Jr.

Mary Korbyban — Mother of 10.

Linda Hernandez — Still looking for the right words to say.

Dianne Mulder — Married to Jackie.

Bernice Brush — Still getting sales on sweaters.

Cheryl Ferriss — Wearing that size 9 dress.

Rosemary Bondy — A P.E. Teacher.

Elaine Bailey — Died in 1969 from doing the twist.

Carolyn Grondin — Still going in ditches with the tractor.

Tommy Bondy — Still pitching sugar.

Ron Taylor — A fast typer.

Jim Gignac — Chief of Police of Harrow.

Leslie Peters — Still looking for one his own size.

Leon Smith — Leading a symphony orchestra.

Jim Wright — Running Vic Tanny's.

Jerry Gignac — The mayor of Harrow.

Rudolph Tomek — A barber.

Brent Johnson — A model.

Gary Gamman — Married to a 4 footer.

Gary Baltzer — Married to a 6 footer.

Raymond Agla — Another Elvis.

Linda Taylor — As a lawyer.

GRADE XC



FRONT ROW (left to right): Helen Gaertner, Carol Carr, Barbara Clark, Bonnie Brown, Kathy Brown, Janice Reese, Janet Pillon, Cheryl Philcox, Kathy Darby.

SECOND ROW: Sandra Heaton, John McDonald, Elizabeth McLean, Lyn Gibson, Mabel Hawkins, Mary Gerry, Margaret Strohm, Shirley Bedal, Sandra Squires, Pat Goslin, Richard Bruner, Stuart Watson.

THIRD ROW: Arlene Klie, Donna Pigeon, Deanna Robinson, Barbara Paul, Louise McLean, Jean Palmer, Karen Ciphery, Goldie Chordash

BACK ROW: Bill Hendershot, Everette Brimmer, Gary Dube, Charles Ryan, Reg Lozon, Rodney Wensley, Doug McKeen, Nick Wenzler, George McLean, Gary Scott.

FUTURE OF 10C (1980) . . .

Helen Gaertner — Still watching for a red sports car.

Sandra Heaton — Permanent Life Insurance Policy!

Bess McLean — Still thinking of something for the Yearbook 1962.

Shirley Bedal — The New Carol Burnett of 1980.

Janet Pillon — Still riding in a black '55 Chevrolet".

Kathy Brown — Finally got enough nerve to slap R.P.'s face.

Margaret Strohm — Choirleader of St. Andrew's Church Do-Re-Me-Fa-Etc.

Kathy Darby — Dancing with Ron while Ginger's grounded.

Lyn Gibson — Still riding in an overcrowded sports car.

Sandra Squires — Finally overcame her conceit, now she's perfect? So she says.

Deanna Robinson — Still curling Bill's hair, what's left of it?

Janice Reese — Still complaining about the one show a week of "Dr. Kildare" (wants five shows).

Mabel Hawkins — Still collecting "write-ups" for Yearbook '62".

Barbara Paul — Raising a family of triplets?

Donna Pigeon — Keeping Brian out of trouble?

Carol Carr — Still waiting for her late guests to arrive at 3:30 a.m.

Bonnie Brown — Still deciding between Bill M. and Jerry G.

Barbara Clark — Still waiting for that certain someone from Kingsville to call. P.L. perhaps?

Cheryl Philcox — Still collecting kisses for her birthday.

Jean Palmer — Miss Blonde Bombshell of 1980.

Louise McLean — Winning a speaking contest while attacking Reg Lozon.

Arlene Klie — Still getting indigestion in Science Class.

Goldie Cordash — Becoming head librarian after Elizabeth retires.

Karen Ciphery — Getting fatter every year from the "free" pastries.

Pat Goslin — Making a million on her book called "My Many Illnesses".

Mary Gerry — Still forgetting to wear her ring.

John McDonald — Prime Minister of Canada (with a name like that how could he help it!)

Stuart Watson — Losing a game and not complaining about the six footers on the opposite team.

Gary Dube — Whipping Wasser—the Al Capone of his day.

Rodney Wensley — A concert pianist.

Doug McKeen — Captain of the Harrow Globe Trotters.

Billy Hendershot — Still recovering from a broken collar bone.

George McLean — Still looking for his science book.

Everett Brimmer — Borrowing cooking utensils from his next door neighbour.

Richard Bruner — Big boss of the country's leading cherry orchard.

Reg Lozon — Still writing assignments for Mrs. E. Young, while fighting off Louise.

Nick Wenzler — Uh—talking—uh—uh without—uh saying —uh—uh.

Gary Scott — Still being mistaken for another Gary Scott from Kingsville.

Charles Ryan — The most famous milkman in the country.

—DEANNA ROBINSON, ELIZABETH McLEAN

GRADE XIA



FRONT ROW (left to right): Barbara Fox, Gail Vincent, Janet Kimball, Sandra Scott, Pam Wright, Joan Founk.

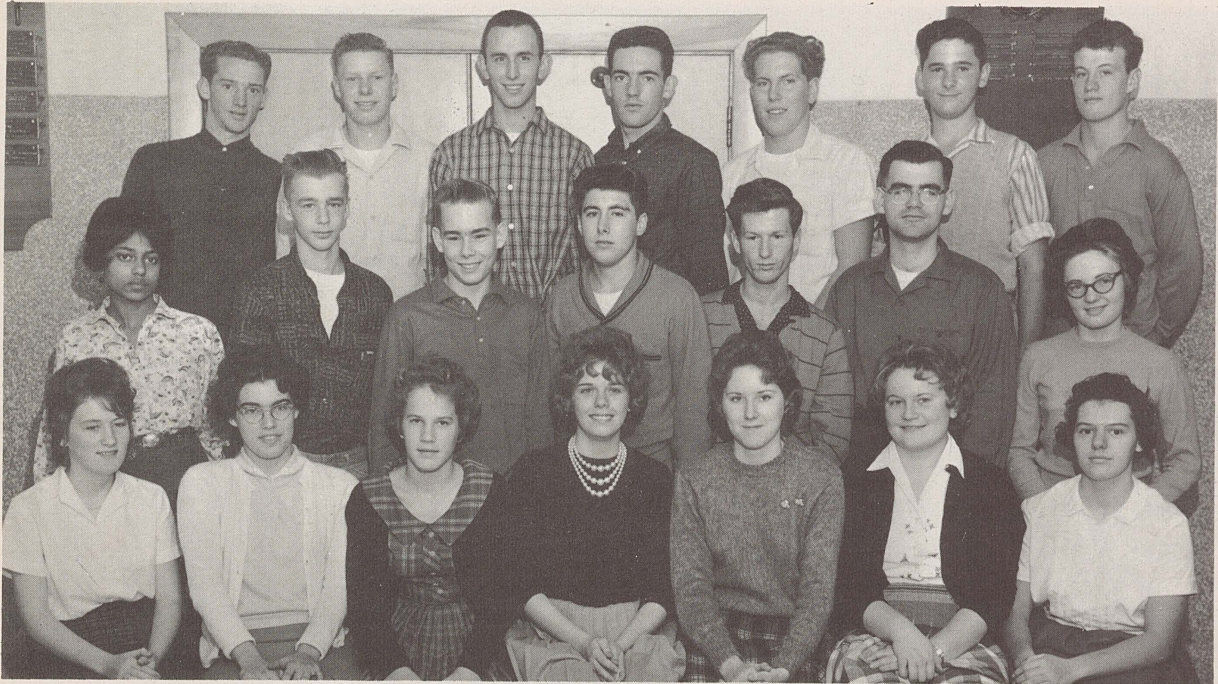
MIDDLE ROW: Sue Demeris, Barbara Johnson, Margaret Haslam, Sandra McLean, Beth Sweet, Linda Howie, Amy Lypps, Lee Ann Munger, Linda Doyle.

BACK ROW: Gunther Kroh, George Luscher, Jerry Dudzic, Harold Thrasher, Brian Pollard, John Dudzic, Merle La Count, Ron Bondy. Absent—Peter Gauder.

GRADE XIA's HALL OF FAME . . .

NAME	CLAIM TO FAME	CAUSE OF DEATH	DYING WORDS
GEORGE LOSCHER	Mimicking Julius Caesar	Going to Senate.	"Et tu Krowie"
GUNTHER KROH	Dog Catcher	Rabies.	"You ain't nothin but a hound dog"
JERRY DUDZIC	Teaching Mr. R. how to play basketball.	He got a basket.	"Chalk up two for our side"
HAROLD THRASHER	Criticizing popular songs.	Was forced to play in a jazz band.	"Be-bop-a-doo-da"
PETER GAUDER	Travelling man.	Detroit Tunnel collapsed.	"She'll never forgive me"
SANDRA McLEAN	Representing the pest of the year.	Turned sweet.	"They said it couldn't be done"
DON MORTIMORE	Mumbling.	He was finally proven wrong.	"It'll never happen again"
BETH SWEET	Giggling.	Got a detention for laughing.	"But it was funny He He . . ."
JOHN DUDZIC	Teenage Idol.	Was swamped by girls.	"H E L P!"
BARBARA FOX	Making a pest of herself.	Someone pestered her.	"I'm sorry"
ELIZABETH CHORDASH	Being Mr. D's left hand man.	An overdue book.	"Please don't fine me!"
RON BONDY	Play boy of H.D.H.S.	Heartache.	"Oh that arrow"
BRIAN POLLARD	Daydreaming.	Fatigue.	"Turn out the lights Zzz Zzz"
LINDA DOYLE	Driving Instructor.	Laid 30 ft. of rubber.	"I never did it KID"
LEE ANN MUNGER	Blonde Hair.	Dye too strong.	"They say blondes have more fun"
SUE DEMERIS	Gum Tester.	Her jaws stuck together.	"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"
MERLE LACOUNT	That sweet innocent look.	Wings fell.	"Oh help me I'm falling"
JANET KIMBALL	Waiting for a certain someone.	He didn't arrive on time.	"Dial 6071 I'm lonesome"
AMY LYPPS	Twist expert.	Slipped disc.	Man that's endsville"
MARG HASLAM	Race car driver.	Speeding 30 m.p.s.	"Oh the tires!"
GAIL VINCENT	An artist.	Slip of the brush.	"Give me a hand"
BARB JOHNSON	Arguing with Mr. R.	Two demerits.	"That crazy man"
JOAN FOUNK	Combing her hair.	Lost her comb.	"Oh dear me!"
SANDRA SCOTT	Bikini Bronco Buster.	Locked in her locker.	"I'll kill you McLean"
LINDA HOWIE	P.T. Teacher.	Fell from parallel bars.	"Please help me I'm falling."
PAM WRIGHT	Enrolling at Assumption.	She cracked up.	"Speak to me"
MR. McTAVISH	Math Whiz.	Slip of the Compasses.	"I guess I got the point"

GRADE XIB



FRONT ROW (left to right): Carol Hertel, Linda Tofflemire, Ann Winter, Cynthia Fulmer, Judy Gammon, Anne Stajher, Hilda Schmidt.
MIDDLE ROW: Sheila Johnson, David Koch, Malcolm Cox, Keith Langlois, Allan Garant, Rodger Putman, Blanche Catherwood.
BACK ROW: Dick Ferriss, Sandy Scatterty, Jim Ferriss, Jim Lonsberry, Wayne Ferriss, Ed Ouellette, Hal Quick.

RHYMING WRITE-UPS OF XIB . . .

JUDY GAMMON —
Oh there's Judy,
That Tutti Frutti.

ROGER PUTMAN —
Roger never makes a sound.
When the teacher is around.

ANNE STAJHER —
Anne, Anne,
Will have a long life span.

KEITH LANGLOIS —
Keith's binder
Looks like a garbage finder.

SHEILA JOHNSON —
Sheila's age is sixteen,
And she is very keen.

ALLAN GARANT —
Allan with his brown-red hair,
Does not seem to have a cara.

WAYNE FERRISS —
Wayne, Wayne,
If only he would use his brain.

CYNTHIA FULMER —
Cinci is in Grade Eleven,
But will she ever get to heaven.

BLANCHE CATHERWOOD —
Blanche, Blanche,
Give the boys a chance.

SANDY SCATTERTY —
In walking to French, Sandy we know,
Is much too slow.

CAROL HERTEL —
Carol is game,
But where is her flame (in Port Hope maybe?)

MALCOLM COX —
Malcolm does his homework in class,
As if he did not care to pass.

LINDA TOFFLEMIRE —
Sleep in class, Linda would never,
Because she is so very clever.

HAL QUICK —
We all see Hal,
But where's his gal.

HILDA SCHMIDT —
In class Hilda sits,
Using her wits.

DAVID KOCH —
When the girls are around,
David is nowhere to be found.

PEGGY McLEAN —
Peggy is so very darey,
When she is alone with G — — —.

JIM LONSBERRY —
You are sure to find Jim,
Where the lights are dim.

ANN WINTER —
Ann, Ann,
Jack's her man.

EDWARD OUELLETTE —
Ed, Ed,
Who will he wed?

JIM FERRISS —
There stands Jim,
Oh so tall and slim.

RICHARD FERRISS —
Dick sleeps in class,
But when the last bell rings, he's up in a flash.

GRADE XIIA



FIRST ROW (left to right): Nancy Doyle, Kay Putman, Linda Bondy, Betty Kordyban, Annette Herrema, Bev Palmer.

SECOND ROW: Linda Quick, Dinie Broere, Laurie Murowsky, Nancy Schwartz, Maxine Iler, Ian Ellis.

THIRD ROW: Ken Herniman, Joe Bernat, Malcolm Young, Glen Carr, Henry Faust, Dick Ounsworth.

BACK ROW: Ron Johnson, Alan Williams, Bob Hicks, Phil Gibson, Bill Monroe, Leslie Richardson, Larry Pollard.

Absent—Trudy Seitz.

CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .?

Annette Herrema as Goldilocks?

Beverly Palmer doing commercials for Metrecal?

Kaye Putman as a sport's car racer?

Nancy Schwartz as a tall sleeky blond?

Laurie Murowsky as Jane in Tarzan?

Linda Quick talking back to Mr. Quenneville out loud instead of under her breath?

Nancy Doyle assisting Ben Casey in surgery?

Betty Kordyban posing for a weight lifting ad? ?

Maxine Iler after they open her cage door?

Linda Bondy making like an "Angel" in Chemistry class?

Dinie Broere as a "Bookie"?

Richard Ounsworth as the next Mayor of Harrow?

Ian Ellis (monsieur le champion) as the champion speller in English?

Ken Herniman as a daring casinova?

Joe Bernat as a ballet dancer?

Larry Pollard killing Linda in Chemistry class?

Ron Johnson finding his locker full of attendance sheets?

Henry Faust reading poetry in a beatnick coffee house?

Phil Gibson with his head on backwards as a result of Chemistry class?

Glenn Carr pulling Ian's teeth?

Bob Hicks as short, fat and bald?

Winfield Corcoran as shy, timid and oh so dainty?

Stan Williams as a lady's man?

Leslie Richardson as an opera singer?

Bill Munroe coming to school on a tricycle?

Malcolm Young running down the hall saying "Who runs this school any how"?

GRADE XIIB



FRONT ROW (left to right): Mamie, Nicholich, Marilyn Grayer, Diane Kael, Marcia Richardson, Sharlene Iler, Donna Bezaire.
 SECOND ROW: Tam Brydon, Hazel Salter, Nancy Meek, Margaret Hedges, Ken Baldwin, Barbara Murray, Sandra Day, Mike Munger.
 THIRD ROW: Jack Kehl, John Sabo, Leon Agla, Ralph Johnson, Jerry Deslippe, Jim Arquette, Morey Hutchins, Witold Dudzic.
 BACK ROW: David Hernandez, Hugh Fawdry, Erwin Miller, Henry Schmidt, Alan Fabok, Jim Grabb, George Pretli, Ernie Squires.
 Absent—Jim Brown, Henry Ferber.

GRADE XIIB . . .

If you enter a night club in Harrow, you might find:

Margie Hedges — married to Peter Gauder.
Peter Gauder — married but alone.
Donna Bezaire — main attraction, night club dancer.
Diane Kael — doing the twist and twisted.
Jack Kehl — controlling this club but not himself.
Jim Brown — holding up the joint with a water pistol.
Ken Baldwin — making play with moonshines.
Jim Grabb — making moonshines.
Mike Munger — getting slapped.
Nancy Meek — doing the slapping.
Ernie Squire — telling off-coloured jokes.
Marcia Richardson — listening attentively.
Alan Fabok — taking inventory (of girls).
Hazel Salter — disgusted with floor shows (not enough men on stage).
Henry Schmidt — watching girls dance (eyes on cheeks).
Jim Arquette — as a cucumber but thinks the show has hot prospects.
Leon Agla — looking for a girl his own size to dance.

Jerry Deslippe — just looking.

Witold Dudzic — watching the figures (out of math class).

Sandra Day — telling the waiter off. Not enough UMPH in her drink.

Johnny Sabo — her victim.

David Hernandez — studying English, but tapping his foot.

George Pretli — smelling bottle caps.

Ralph Johnson — yelling "one more for the road".

Erwin Miller — emptying the bottles for George.

Hugh Fawdry — crying in his beers.

Morey Hutchins — rolling on the floor.

Barb Murray — confused.

Richard Ferris — drinking.

Henry Ferber — on cloud 9.

Sharlene Iler — copying History notes.

Mr. Edward Young — walks in and yells "Quiet you good people. This is Chemistry class, not a free for all".

"A lot he knows eh class"

—MARILYN GRAYER

Special Commercial



FRONT ROW (left to right): Dorothy Fulmer, Donna Hunt, Katherine Gaertner, Miss Markham.
MIDDLE ROW: Nancy Buchanan, Anne Schwager, Theresa Reidl, Annette Grayer
BACK ROW: Andy Strachan, Don Mulder, Edward Affleck.

GRADE XIIC . . .

NAME	FAVOURITE PASTIME	WEAKNESS	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH	DYING WORDS
DONNA	Playing hookie.	Friday afternoons.	Get more 90's.	P.E.	"I got a basket"
DOROTHY	Polishing her diamond.	Bernard.	Pharmacist.	Speeding.	"Bernard, it was your car!"
NANCY	Cashing cheques.	Bankers.	Catch a cashier.	Forgery.	"They'll always get you in the end"
ANNETTE	Going to Detroit	Boys.	Going to college to get M.R.S. degree.	Getting a Mr. instead.	"m-m-m-m-----"
ED	Horses.	Bumping into gates.	Be a vet.	Horsebite.	"Ouch!"
DON	Football.	Those touchdowns.	Enter typing contest.	Sonja.	"Who took her pic?"
ANDY	Calling up T.R.	Coke.	Getting that date.	Gas Chamber.	"- - water - -"
THERESA	Going to Kingsville.	Fords	Become Mrs.?	Accepting that date.	"Tough noogies!"
ANNE	Basketball and Rick.	Rick.	Joining Globe Trotters.	Spelling.	"ecstasy; x-t-a-s-y"
KATHY	Baby-sitting.	Mike.	Secretary for a certain contractor.	Winning Irish Sweepstakes.	"What a way to go"
MISS MARKHAM	Studying French.	Gerry.	Driving her own car.	Foreign cars.	"Yours not to reason why, yours but to do or die."

—KATHY GAETNER, THERESA REIDL



Grade Thirteen

FRONT ROW (left to right): Carol Lankin, Linda Scott, Marion Kinnaird, Sharon McLean, Bev Murray.
SECOND ROW: Darlene Brown, Helen Stomp, Eleanor Dowler, Anne Mates, Cara Wride, Carol Bondy.
THIRD ROW: Dale Goslin, Ed Walker, Jim Brimner, Frank Peter.
BACK ROW: Pete Ryan, John Morin, Bob Sweet, Jay Thomas, Clair Cook.

All aboard for a one way trip with the grade thirteen patients on the St. Thomas express. This being such an unusual expedition let's start at the caboose. Oh dear! We've interrupted Darlene and Dale as they study their algebra by candle-light. Rather cosy! As we open the door to go into the next car, we walk over Cara, who has offered to serve as a link between the cars. Please walk gently, **this** link is rather fragile. Then we enter the — Oops, you had better duck; there goes Sharon and Marion running along the top of the cars. We haven't been able to catch them yet. In the dining car, Helen is working feverishly at her favourite past-time — EATING — while Beverly barrels in to replenish the fast disappearing food. In the kitchen is Jim, chemistry book in hand, trying to create a super-doooper cake. In the corner, Carole L. is trying desperately to catch a fish from the gold-fish bowl for Helen's lunch. Will she or won't she? On the trailer-car, is an enormous bulldozer with Elly at the driver's seat. She finally found something bigger than her Buick. Next is the baggage car. Carol B. is taking inventory to make sure she hasn't forgotten any books. Claire is frantically shovelling coal, as Ed struggles to keep the train on the tracks. It's quite different than an aeroplane. Sitting on top and blowing the whistle is Ann M. She has refereed so many exhibition games, her pucker is perfect. Standing near the smoke stack, blowing ferociously, is Linda. She thinks one of her oil wells is on fire. Sitting on the grill in front is Anne H. screaming her favourite expression "Train — Toot Toot". Oh yes, John and Frank are locked up in the cattle-car. We didn't want to do this but they kept insisting they were on the wrong train, they didn't belong with these lunatics, but of coarse we all know better! Good grief there's Pete waving his arms. He missed the train — late as usual. We almost forgot Jay. Why he left on another train bound for Detroit.

—COMMUNITY EFFORT

HONOR

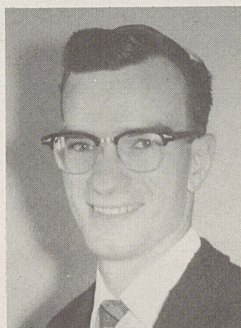
GRADS



LINDA SCOTT



CAROL BONDY



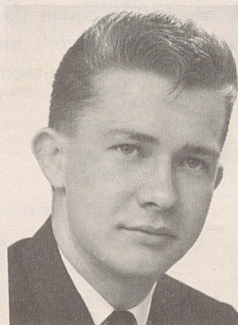
PETER RYAN



MARION KINNAID



HELEN STOMP



FRANK PETER



CARA WRIDE



ANNE HUDVAGNER



JAMES BRIMNER



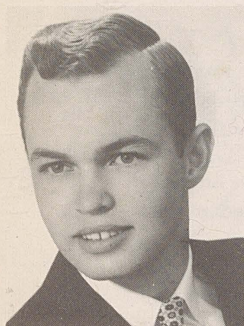
JOHN MORIN



SHARON McLEAN



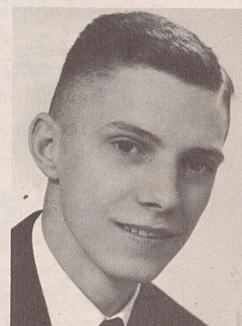
ELEANOR DOWLER



DALE GOSLIN



DARLENE BROWN



CLAIR COOK

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

A very short time ago, or perhaps it only seems that to me, I sat in this gym in an audience like yours and I watched a ceremony very similar to this one. It was my first Commencement; I was new in this school, a Grade Niner, and it was all so interesting and exciting. I sat there and watched those people on stage getting their diplomas and I thought maybe one day I too shall sit on that stage, get my diploma and be a graduate. Now suddenly that day has been thrust upon me, I am on the stage, I have my diploma and I am a graduate. All of the people here on the stage with me are graduates.



MARY ANN ANDERSON

We have come a long way and we have many memories, both sad and happy. It's strange but the memories of our early years here are almost all happy, the good times we had, the parties, the dances, the mad crushes and the little things we thought up to irritate our teachers. But the memories of Grade Thirteen are different. They're not so far distant and we can see them much more clearly.

For the first time many of us had spares. A spare as defined by a teacher would be "a work period" but there are other, more realistic definitions. You worked in a spare only if you couldn't find someone to talk with, someone to talk at or someone to talk about. We had a special room for spares at the back of the library. I often think that the only reason we were allowed to use it was because it was almost sound proof.

The works of Horace and Virgil and other Roman poets were translated and interpreted in our Latin classes. Here were the great minds of the past, the ideas and philosophies which remain even to our time, the history and way of life of the first great civilizations.

We learned about our own civilization in Modern History classes, the first beginnings of our government and culture. Governments especially, for last year was an American election year and when we stayed up far into the night at our teacher's home to watch the election returns come in, we were watching History in action.

Zoology classes were new but we soon found that they were practical as well as interesting. Among other things, we learned how to cut up live, wiggling earthworms to feed the fish in the aquarium and the proper procedure in slitting an eyeball or gutting a chicken. Our poor Zoology teacher lived in constant fear of the day when we would feel that we were advanced enough to work on a human specimen.

Botany classes were held during the noon hour because there wasn't room for them on our regular timetable. In these classes, we learned the order and balance of Nature, the delicacy and detail in every part of plant life and the beauty and changeability of the world around us.

In our English classes we briefly entered the imaginary worlds of Macbeth and Banquo, Heathcliff and Catherine. Because we delved so deeply into their characters, they seemed almost real to us and we came to appreciate the great minds who created them.

The very fortunate Chemistry class had the opportunity this past year to make beer in the laboratory. Much time and care was taken in the preparation of this brew, but much to their disappointment, they were not allowed to sample it. This class was so trusted by their instructor

that when it was necessary for him to be absent, he allowed them to conduct their own classes. Some rather startling conclusions were arrived at and some rather unusual uses for chemical compounds were discovered. Did you know that aluminum paint, carefully applied to the hair will age you ten years?

June Departmental exams will long be remembered, the studying and last-minute cramming, the thoughtfulness of the teachers who provided a fan and pop for us to drink and then the long anxious wait for results. I would like to say more about the exams but as someone so aptly said at the Graduation Dinner, profanity is not allowed in the school.

I remember too from the Graduation Dinner that in most of the speeches that night, our education and life is compared to a great mountain. We climb, reach a plateau, rest and then climb higher. This is a good simile but it didn't quite satisfy me so I have created one of my own. I see life as a great glass house full of many doors and rooms and windows. It is a glass house because we can see out of it and others can see into it. We came in the front door when we were born and we stayed, for only a short while in a small room called childhood. Then we passed on to the next room and shut the door on childhood behind us. We discovered then that the glass in the partitions was such that we could see back through it to what had gone before, but we couldn't see ahead. This room was Primary Education and like childhood was full of joy and laughter and sunshine streamed through the low windows. Then we shut the door on that room too and entered into the room of Secondary Education. There was joy and laughter here too, but not quite so much and the windows were different. They had to be much higher to let in the light of knowledge. We shut that door behind us too. We came into a long hallway of doors and over each door was a sign, Medicine, Engineering, Law, University, Teacher's College. Each one of us chose one of those doors and opened it. We found that there was no room beyond, only the foundations of a room. These foundations were laid here in this school by our teachers, in our homes by our parents and in our churches by our ministers. All the people that directed and influenced us have had a hand in laying these foundations. Now it is up to us to build that room that will be our life, to build it and to make it the best room. We must remember never to close the door on that hallway for, although I didn't name it for you, I think you know what it is. That hallway is Adulthood!

Thank you.



"No thanks! I can't find anything I like!"



"A simple 'I hate you' would be sufficient, Bev"

Awards

I.O.D.E. PRESENTATION - TEACHER'S COLLEGE CANDIDATE — Mary Ann Anderson

MAYOR OUNSWORTH PRIZE - (Grade X Proficiency, English and History) —
Jerry Dudzic.

HARROW BUSINESS & PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB — Grade XIII Proficiency—
Elizabeth Darby.

KINSMEN AWARD — Ellen McDonald.

ROTARY AWARD - Grade XIII Proficiency — Elizabeth Darby.

ROTARY PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARDS —

Senior Girls — Dinie Broere

Senior Boys — Henry Faust

STAFF PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARDS —

Junior Girls — Barbara Clark.

Junior Boys — George Loscher

LEGION AUXILIARY AWARD — Ronald McLean.

ODDFELLOWS AWARD — Kenneth Herniman

SCHOOL BOARD AWARDS —

Grade IX Proficiency — John McDonald

Grade X Proficiency — Jerry Dudzic

Grade XI Proficiency — Nancy Schwartz

Grade XII Proficiency — Carol Bondy

MATHEMATICAL AWARD — Frank Peter

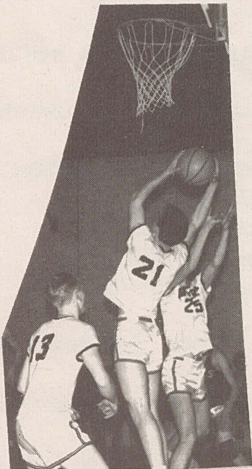
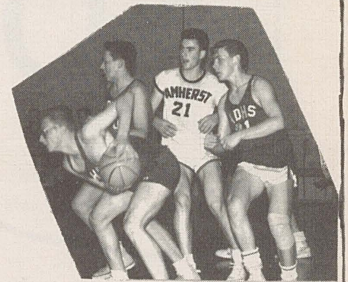
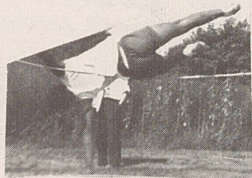
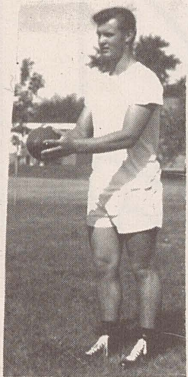
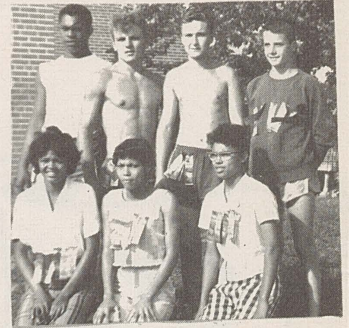
VALIDICTORY ADDRESS — Mary Ann Anderson

LETTERS AND STARS —

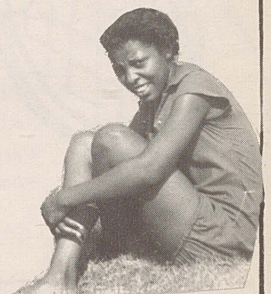
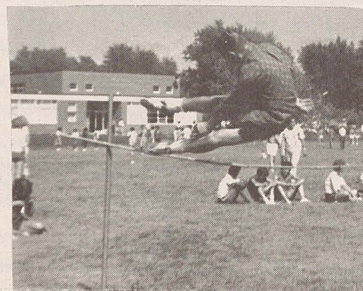
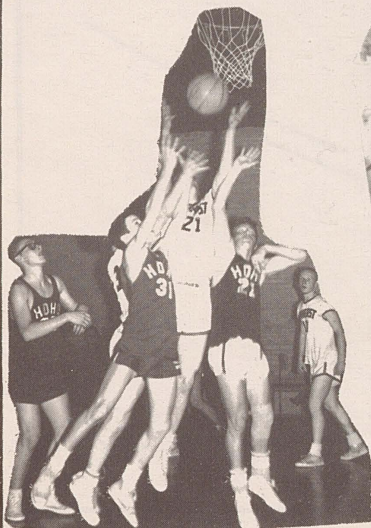
Mary A. Anderson, Donna Bezaire, Carol Bondy, Linda Bondy, Dinie Broere, Darlene Brown, Nancy Buchanan, Beverly Clark, Mary Coxon, Elizabeth Darby, Emily Dautermann, Eleanor Dowler, Nancy Doyle, Joan Founk, Barbara Fox, Katherine Gaertner, Margaret Hedges, Hilary Hendershot, Juanita Hernandez, Anette Herrema, Anne Hudvagner, Maxine Iler, Sharlene Iler, Betty Kordyban, Carol Lankin, Ellen McDonald, Sharon McLean, Anne Mates, Laurie Murowsky, Beverly Palmer, Sharon Pastorius, Kathy Pollard, Kaye Putman, Linda Quick, Theresa Reidl, Marcia Richardson, Hazel Salter, Nancy Schwartz, Linda Scott, Trudy Seitz, Catherine Stark, Helen Stomp, Beth Sweet, Barbara Treulieb, Cara Wride.

Leon Agla, Ken Baldwin, Joe Bernat, Jim Brimmer, James Brown, Jerry Dudzic, Witold Dudzic, Alan Fabok, Henry Faust, Alex Funston, Philip Gibson, David Hernandez, Charles Herniman, Ken Herniman, Robert Hicks, Ron Johnson, Jack Kehl, George Loscher, William Matthews, Donald Mortimore, Don Mulder, Richard Ounsworth, George Pretli, Jack Pretli, Leslie Richardson, Henry Schmidt, Ernie Squire, Jay Thomas, Malcolm Young.





SPORTS



SENIOR FOOTBALL



FRONT ROW (left to right): Charles Ryan, Jim Lonsberry, Don Mulder, Henry Faust, George Loscher, Wit Dudzic, Henry Ferber, Malcolm Young, Gunther Kroh, John Sabo.

BACK ROW: Ken Baldwin (captain), Larry Pollard, Mike Munger, Leon Smith, Jim Grabb, Phil Gibson, Win Corcoran, Bill Munro, Henry Schmidt, Alan Fabok, Don Mortimore, Merle LaCount, Jerry Dudzic. Absent—Jay Thomas.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL



FRONT ROW (left to right): Stuart Watson, Brian Munro, Jim McKeen, Gary Scott, Bill Murray, John McDonald, Orie Wigle, Gary Baltzer.

SECOND ROW: Richard Pollard, Gerry Ralston, Walter Stewart, Bill Langlois, Wallace Anson, Nick Wenzler, Leon Agla, Pat Paré.

THIRD ROW: Dennis Harrison, Randy Meyers, Rodney Wensley, Bob Vagi, Reg Lozon, Henry Newmiller, Doug McKeen, Raymond Agla.

HARROW DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS

1961-62

The Year of The Champo

GIRLS' SPORTS . . .

TRACK AND FIELD

The Junior Girls Champion was Linda Taylor with 18 points. She is in Alpha. The Intermediate Girls Champion was Ethelda Mulder of Gamma house with 18 points. Dorothy Mulder of Beta House took the Senior Girls Championship, she had 21 points.

The records broken were the standing broad jump, 7 ft. 2 in., broken by Dorothy Mulder, and the high jump record was also broken by Dorothy, jumping 4 ft. 4 in. high.

JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Harrow stood first before the play-offs then lost to Amherst in the semi-finals 20-39. Amherst beat Kingsville in the finals.

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Harrow beat Amherst in the semi-finals 39-16. They lost in the finals to Kingsville 16-18.

HOUSE LEAGUE VOLLEYBALL

Gamma house took the senior girls' championship. The junior champions were Beta.

BASKETBALL TEAMS

SENIOR GIRLS . . .

This year the senior team took the Essex County Championship for "B" schools. They were undefeated in the whole series of games. They defeated St. Rose in the semi-finals with a score of 49-12. They defeated Kingsville in the finals with a score of 25-21. They won the first game at W.O.S.S.A. but lost the second.

JUNIOR GIRLS . . .

They won 3 out of 5 games in the series. They played Amherst junior girls in the semi-finals, but were defeated with a score of 46-45.

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Senior Champions—Gamma. Junior Champions—Alpha.

—DONNA BEZAIRE

BOYS' SPORTS . . .

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The senior boys showed a great talent for basketball during the season, led on by their coach Mr. Roberts. They made the play-offs and lost out in the finals in a very close and thrilling game against Amherstburg. The senior boys not only showed their talents for playing basketball but also showed their sportsmanlike attitude during the basketball season.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Instructed by their coach Mr. McLeod, the junior boys played well-organized basketball during the season. Although they did not contend for the play-offs they showed us what to expect from them in the years to come.

SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Coached by Mr. McLeod the senior boys won the Essex County Championship at Tilbury by losing only one game in the series. This is the fourth year in succession that the senior boys have won this Championship. They then went on to compete at W.O.S.S.A. Although they did not win this championship they were contenders until the end when they were beat out by West-Elgin.

SENIOR BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM

The senior boys played a hard-hitting and well organized football game during the whole season. This is the first year that the boys have taken the Essex County Football Championship and I must say that they did this in great style. Their natural talents combined with the strategy taught to them by their coach Mr. McLeod brought them this deserving title.

—JACK KHEL

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW (left to right): Lee Ann Munger, Anne Hudvagner, Anne Schwager, Darlene Brown (captain), Eleanor Dowler, Nancy Buchanan.

BACK ROW: Maxine Iler, Anne Mates, Judy Gammon, Marcia Richardson, Margie Hedges, Beverley Palmer, Helen Stomp.

JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW (left to right): Jean Palmer, Sandra Scott, Shirley Bedal (captain), Cheryl Philcox, Mary Kordyban.

BACK ROW: Kathy Darby, Linda Taylor, Mabel Hawkins, Mary Gerry, Lissa Cox, Peggy McLean, Sandra Squire.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL



FRONT ROW (left to right): David Hernandez, Jack Kehl, Don Mulder (captain), Ken Herniman, Joe Bernat.
 BACK ROW: Frank Peter, Henry Faust, John Dudzic, George Pretli, Don Mortimore, Witold Dudzic, George Loscher.

THE CHEERLEADERS



FRONT ROW (left to right): Carolyn Grondin, Blanche Catherwood, Linda Doyle, Janet Kimball, Donna Bezaire.
 BACK ROW: Sandra Heaton, Joan Founk, Sandra McLean, Linda Quick, Pam Wright, Amy Lypps.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



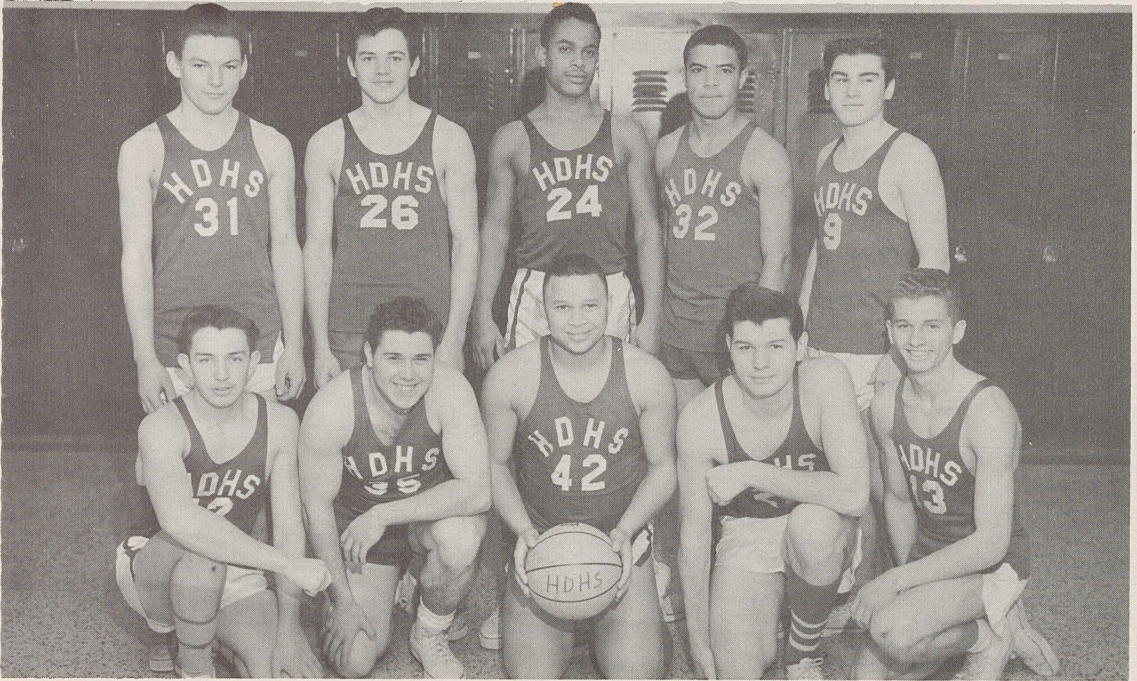
FRONT ROW (left to right): Linda Bondy, Anne Hudvagner, Darlene Brown (captain), Dorothy Mulder, Nancy Buchanan.
SECOND ROW: Helen Stomp, Eleanor Dowler, Marcia Richardson, Anne Schwager, Margaret Hedges, Bev Palmer, Nancy Meek.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



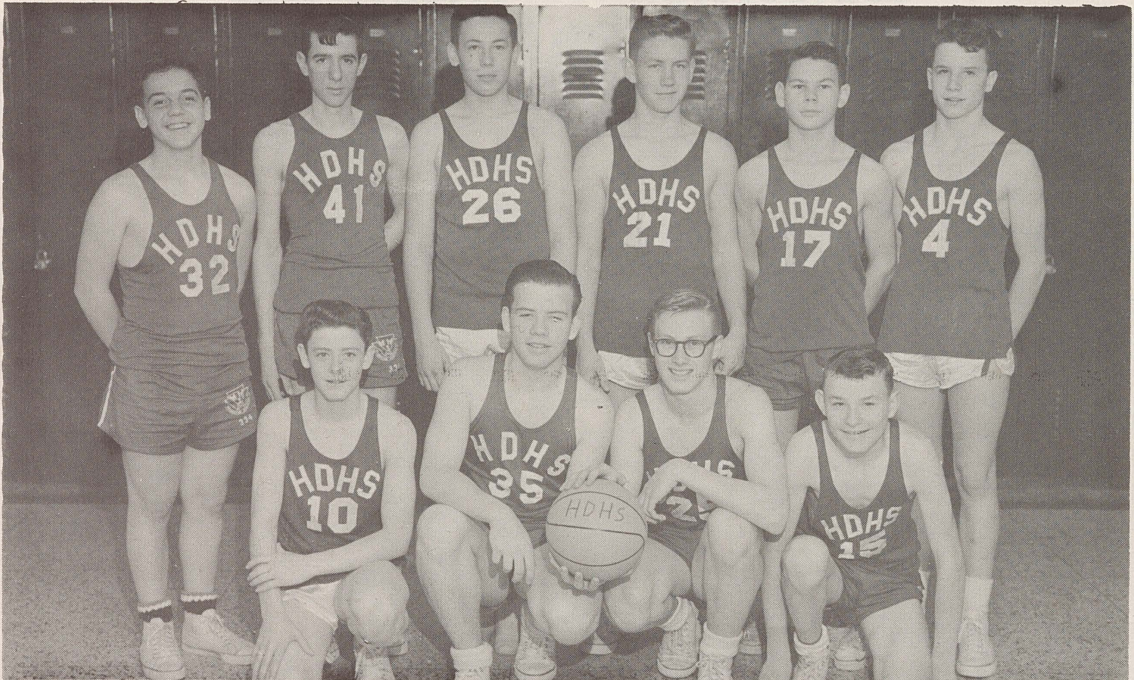
FRONT ROW (left to right): Jean Palmer, Sandra Scott, Shirley Bedal (captain), Cheryl Philcox, Kathy Brown.
BACK ROW: Sandra Squire, Sally Meek, Linda Taylor, Barbara Lankin, Mary Gerry, Lissa Cox, Mary Kordyban.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW (left to right): David Hernandez, Mirle LaCount, Don Mulder (captain), Henry Schmidt, Ken Herniman.
BACK ROW: Jerry Dudzic, John Dudzic, Ron Taylor, Ron Johnson, George Loscher.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW (left to right): Stuart Watson, Don Mortimore (captain), Gerry Wass, Howard Sellick.
BACK ROW: Bill Murray, Joe Demeris, Rodney Wensley, Doug McKeen, Jim McKeen, Dennis Harrison.

LIBRARY STAFF



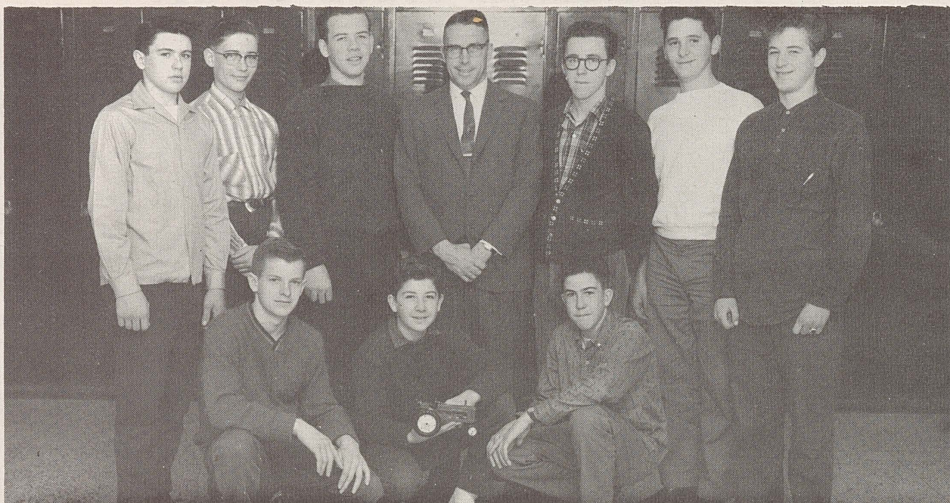
FRONT ROW (left to right): Mr. Dupperon, Carol Fabok, Hilda Pacantos, Rita Weniger, Helen Hodolich, Elizabeth Chordash, Marilyn Grondin, Carolyn Grondin, Doreen Mallot, Elaine Manley, Mr. Pouget.
 SECOND ROW: Pat Goslin, Ruth-Ann Vogli, Cheryl Sinasac, Charlene Bondy, Corrie Balfour, Rosemary Bondy, Louise Baltzer, Laurie Murowsky, Kathy Gaertner.
 THIRD ROW: Marilyn Snively, Howard Sellick, John Anderson, Robert Vagi, Paul Langlois, Keith Langlois, Bill Murray, David Sellick, Douglas Iler.

RED CROSS



FRONT ROW (left to right): Bonnie Brown, Cheryl Sinasac, Sandra Heaton, Lyn Gibson, Donna Bezaire, Marcia Richardson, Louise Baltzer, Donna Pigeon, Ginger Webster.
 SECOND ROW: Janet Pillon, Marjorie Anson, Amy Lypps, Linda Doyle, Diane Kael, Mrs. Newman, Mr. McLeod, Miss Chauvin, Sharlene Iler, Carol Carr.
 THIRD ROW: Barbara Clark, Blanche Catherwood, Lee Ann Munger, Linda Quick, Lissa Cox, Jo-Anne Wright, Cheryl Philcox, Dixie Mills, Barbara Fox, Bernice Brush, Kathy Darby.
 BACK ROW: Deanna Robinson, Carol Kisser, Betty France, Mabel Hawkins, Beth Sweet, Sandra Chevalier, Bess McLean, Susan Rayner, Cheryl Ferriss.

TRACTOR CLUB

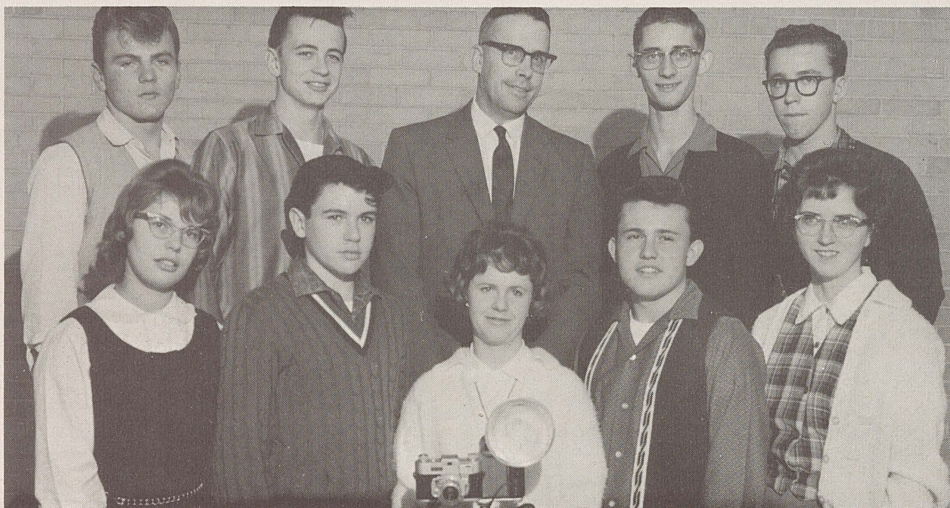


FRONT ROW (left to right): Richard Pollard, Leslie Peter, Don Mr. Harrison, Merle Howie, Ed Ouellette, George Hric.
SECOND ROW: George McLean, Nick Wenzler, Don Mortimore, Marontate.

A 4-H Tractor Club was formed at Harrow High School for the second consecutive year. Don Mortimore was elected President while Ed Ouellette assumed the responsibilities of Vice-President, Richard Pollard acted as secretary-treasurer. Two club members namely Ed Ouellette and George McLean, entered competition at the Essex County Ploughing Match and captured top honours. Mirle Howie and Ed Ouellette were the club's representatives in the Provincial Inter-Tractor Club competition held at Guelph. They placed seventh in a field of competitors selected from all parts of Ontario. There was keen interest in this year's club and a special note of thanks is extended from the club to Mr. Harrison, our local leader.

—DON MORTIMORE

CAMERA CLUB



FRONT ROW (left to right): Sandra Chevalier, George McLean, Laurie Murowsky, Gunther Kroh, Cara Wride.
BACK ROW: Wit Dudzic, Jack Kehl, Mr. Harrison, Tam Brydon, Merle Howie.

The Camera Club this year, as last, was headed by Mr. Harrison. Tam Brydon served as president, Gunther Kroh as vice-president, Sandra Chevalier as secretary and due to lack of necessity no other permanent officers were elected. The Camera Club was handled very informally and no permanent records were kept.

The first term was devoted to the study of the camera, its design, and construction. We also studied the different lighting techniques.

The latter term was spent in the dark-room, learning how to process, develop, and enlarge pictures.

—SANDI CHEVALIER, Secretary.

CH E S S C L U B



FRONT ROW (left to right): Henry Ferber, Joe Bernat, David Hernandez, Orrie Wigle.

BACK ROW: Keith Langlois, Don Mortimore, Marilyn Chittle, Sandra Chevalier, John McCormick, Mr. E. Young.

A Chess Club was formed this past term under the leadership of Mr. E. Young. Joe Bernat served as President. Although the club only meet two nights a week, members could be found each noonhour matching their wits and skills trying to out manoeuvre their opponent. This genial art is a new addition to the school's extra-cerricular activities. When you meet an ardent follower of this past time, greet him cordially, say "check mate".

—DON MORTIMORE

H A R O - P L A N E C L U B



FRONT ROW (left to right): Gary Baltzer, Rodney Wensley, John Anderson.

BACK ROW: Stuart Watson, Malcolm Young, Merle Howie, Mr. E. Young, Ed Walker, Ed Ouellette.

The idea of a Model Airplane Club had been growing in the modelers minds for sometime before anything was done about it. Finally Mr. Young was approached and as he was agreeable he became the sponsor for the club.

The first meeting didn't overwhelm anyone with enthusiasm, but Mr. Young wanted to go ahead anyway. An executive was elected: President, Malcolm Young; Vice-President, Ed Walker; Secretary-Treasurer

(continued on next page)

The Cheerleaders . . .

As you probably know, it is the job of a cheerleader to lead the student body in cheering their teams. This is by no means an easy job especially when the student body shows very little enthusiasm or interest. Please do not think that we are complaining. We are only trying to bring our school spirit in everyone because we know it is there — somewhere.

Cheerleading is not as glamorous as many people seem to think. Although a cheerleader may wear a pretty uniform, a lot of practice and just as much hard work is required to wear that uniform and wear it proudly. Her job is hard on her voice as well as her patience. Just get together with twelve girls, each with a mind of her own and you will understand what we mean.

In spite of all these hardships, all of us look forward to each game where we display our many talents ! ?
—LINDA QUICK

The Library Staff . . .

Many new members have been recruited to the Library Staff this year as the older members have graduated from Harrow High School with the exception of two students who have ably assisted the new members in becoming conversant in the Library Organization. The new staff has done very well, learning the work together and encountering new experiences as they arise and carrying out their responsibilities ably and commandably this year.

In the early part of the year from 200 to 300 new books were added to the library, these were catalogued and placed on the shelves before October, so they could be circulated to the students.

There is a surprise in store for the students on the staff. Sometime after Easter, Mr. Dupperon and another new member of our staff, Mr. Pouget will be taking the staff to Windsor for an outing. There has been no decision made yet as to the nature of the excursion.
—ELIZABETH CHORDASH

Red Cross . . .

The officers elected by the Red Cross this year were as follows: President, Donna Bezaire; Vice-President, Marcia Richardson; Secretary, Lyn Gibson. Mrs. Newman, Miss Chauvin, and Mr. McLeod supervised our activities and presented their advice.

The Red Cross opened a booth on Field Day and sold school ribbons and refreshments. In November the Red Cross sponsored a dance at the high school. The dance was successful and we made approximately fifty dollars.

The Red Cross now has about ninety-five dollars in the treasury.
—LYN GIBSON

School Dance . . .

Christmas Dance — Featuring Bill Richardson's Orchestra was sponsored by the Student Council. Prizes were given away to the lucky winners of selected dances.

On the stage was a gaily decorated Christmas tree. This and the happy chatter of the students gave a gay atmosphere to the gym. It was an enjoyable way to celebrate the end of exams and the coming of Christmas.

Teen Dance — This year the teen dances were held every other Saturday night. It was an exceptionally good year for the teen club and all of their dances were very successful.

They had many guests such as Bud Davies, Bob Staton, the Montcalms, and Dave Mitchell.

St. Patrick's Dance — The Student Council held a St. Patrick's Dance. Shamrock's were given to all the students on admittance. Records were played by Don Brown from C.J.S.P. The dance was well attended and everyone enjoyed the Irish evening.

HARO-PLANE CLUB (continued)

Stewart Watson. A number of committees were set up and the boys distributed among them. These committees are:

1. Safety Committee — whose job is to see all members are aware of the proper safety rules and all safety equipment is used in the approved fashion.
2. Contest and Rules Committee — sets up constitution of the club. They also will have periodic contests and will decide on rules governing the same.
3. Public Relation Committee — advertises the suggestions of above committees and see that the club is on proper terms with all its contacts.

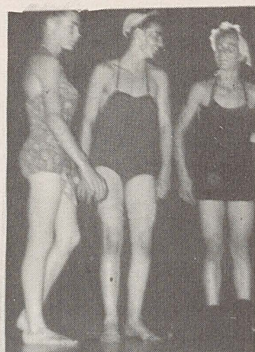
Meetings are held every Monday and Wednesday in the shop after school to work on projects and every second Wednesday there is a meeting at noon to discuss procedure.

All students are invited to participate in the club. Don't worry girls, the boys don't bite any harder than a haly engine. Many girls find the hobby enjoyable and it is a place where a girl can put her creative and artistic ability to work.

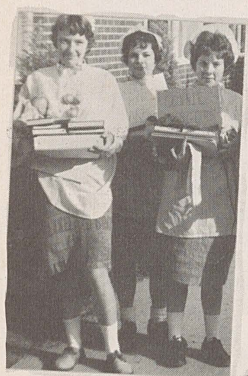
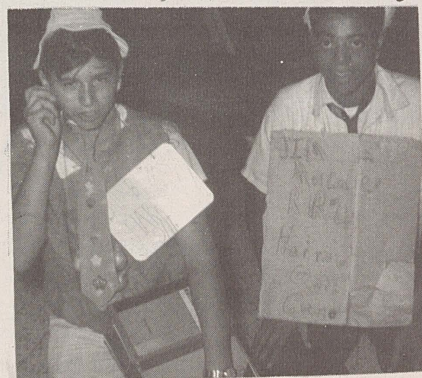
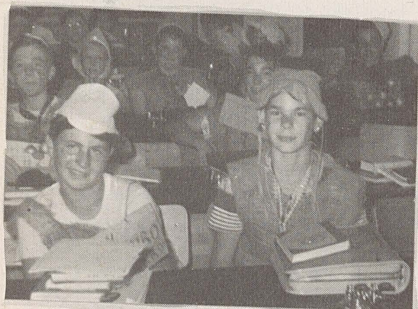
The club looks forward to a long, healthy life, with contests and displays that the whole school may participate in. I am sure that the club will grow into an organization that Harrow and the high school may be proud of.
—ED WALKER



SURPRISE!



Sweet-aren't They?

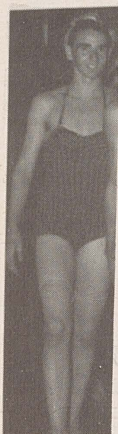


New Style?

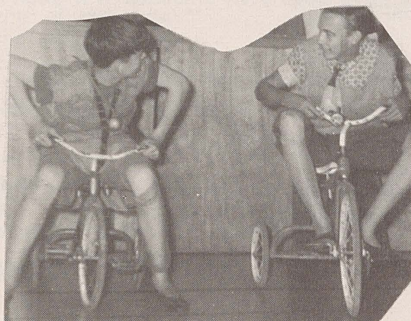
INITIATION



Beauty Contest???



WOW!

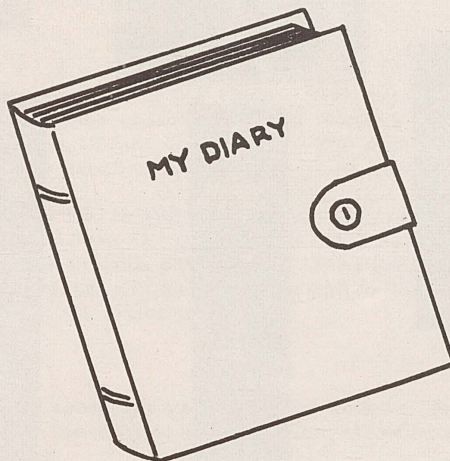


AREN'T They a Little old for This?



Drama Club . . .

THE DAIRY OF



ANNE FRANK

THE DAIRY OF ANNE FRANK . . .

The Drama Club and the Grade XII students presented the Pulitzer prize winning production, "The Dairy of Anne Frank" by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. It was presented under the direction of Mr. Dupperon. The play ran for three nights, May 10, 11, 12. Box office reported a mass sell-out of tickets, although there were a few rush tickets available.

Thursday, May 10, opening night, was successful with many people lending their patronage. Special thanks go to the usherettes and door committees who did an excellent job under the supervision of Richard Ounsworth. We must not forget to mention our handsomely uniformed doorman Alan Fabok.

The ten characters spent many long hours rehearsing and this was shown by their tremendous performances. This play would never have been such a success if it hadn't been for the excellent direction of Mr. Dupperon.

This play called for difficult stage design and was completed successfully through the co-operation of the Grade twelve boys under Mr. Barwick. It also required special lighting and sound effects, which Mr. Pouget and Mr. Whelan supervised.

The Grade twelve english class and Mr. Dupperon wish to express their appreciation to all those who contributed to make this a successful production.

—MARCIA RICHARDSON AND DONNA BEZAIRE

THE STORY OF ANNE FRANK . . .

The academy award winning play is based upon the book, *Anne Frank*, diary of a young girl, a true story of World War II. An introduction to the story is related as follows:

"Anne Frank and her family originally lived in Germany, but during the early thirties when Hitler came to power, they migrated to Holland where, for a time, they lived normal lives. Mr. Frank was actively engaged in business; the children, Margot and her younger sister Anne, attended school.

But when the Nazis occupied Holland the family, because they were Jews, were forced to flee again. For want of another refuge, they remained in Amsterdam, hiding in the abandoned half of an office building. Anne was thirteen years old at this time.

Soon the Franks were joined in the "Secret Annexe" by another family, Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan, and their son Peter, who was about Anne's age and by a Mr. Dussel, a dentist, and according to Anne, rather stuffy. While friends on the outside provided what food, clothing and books they could spare the group remained in their hide-out for two years, until the Gestapo discovered them in 1944. It was after the raid that friends of the Franks found the diary, in which Anne had recorded her experiences and impressions during the entire period of hiding.

Anne was an unusually intelligent child, with a keen wit and a remarkable talent for penetrating observations which she carefully noted down in a vivid, amusing, and moving style. With unusual insight she reveals the relations between eight people living under extraordinary conditions, facing hunger the ever present threat of discovery and death, a feeling of complete estrangement from the outside world and constant cruelties which came of living in such confined quarters and under an almost unbearable strain. Anne's account of their daily lives, and of how despite their common danger, they could not share of themselves, is a wise and fascinating commentary on human behaviour and its amazing paradoxes."



CAST

1. Mr. Frank — Henry Faust
2. Miep — Lee Ann Munger
3. Mrs. Van Daan — Diane Kael
4. Mr. Van Daan — Harold Thrasher
5. Peter Van Daan — Phil Gibson
6. Mrs. Frank — Dinie Broere
7. Margot — Nancy Doyle
8. Anne Frank — Linda Quick
9. Mr. Kraler — Donald Mortimore
10. Mr. Dussel — George Loscher

PRODUCTION STAFF

Produced by Grade 12 English Classes under the direction of Del Dupperon

HOUSE MANAGER

Dick Ounsworth

STAGE MANAGER

Ken Baldwin

CREW

Ken Herniman, Ron Johnson, Bob Hicks, and Winfield Corcoran.

LIGHTS

Mr. Pouget, Mike Munger, Joe Bernat, and Malcolm Young.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Laurie Murowsky

SALES AND BUSINESS

Larry Pollard, Glen Carr, Donna Bezaire, Sonia Day, Marcia Richardson, Hazel Salter, Iain Ellis.

SOUND

Mr. Whelan, Tam Brydon, Henry Ferber, Ernie Squire, Horey Hutchins, Jerry Dudzic, and Witold Dudzic.

WARDROBE

Linda Bondy, Maxine Iler, Betty Kordyban, Marilyn Grayer, Bev Palmer, Annette Herrema, Kaye Putman, Sharlene Iler, Nancy Schwartz, and Trudy Seitz.

STAGE DESIGN

Mr. Barwick, Al Fabok-Manager, Leslie Richardson, Erwin Miller, David Hernandez, Allen Williams, Jack Kehl, Jim Arquette, Henry Schmidt, Gerald Deslippe, Leon Agla, Iain Ellis, Witold Dudzic, Ernie Squire, Hugh Fawdry, and James Grabb.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

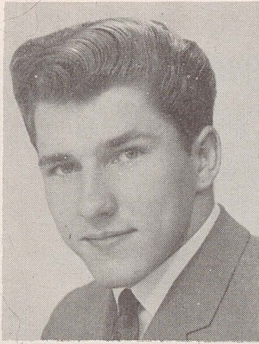
John Sabo

PROPERTIES

Nancy Meek, Barbara Murray and Margaret Hedges.

PROPERTY MANAGER

Ralph Johnson



MR. FRANK



ANNE FRANK



MRS. FRANK



MIEP



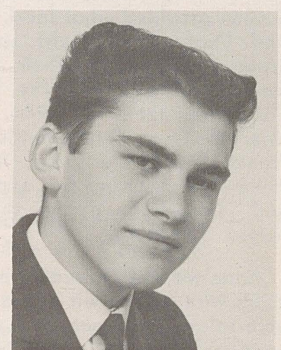
MR. DUPERON



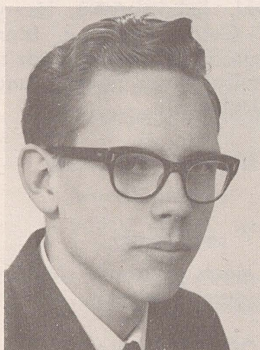
MARGOT



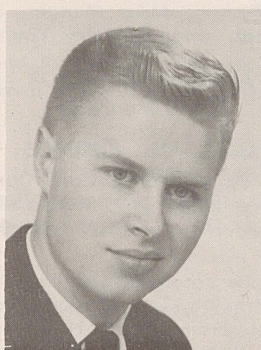
MR. KRALER



MR. DUSSEL



MR. VAN DAAN



PETER VAN DAAN



MRS. VAN DAAN

SCENES OF THE PLAY . . .



Hanukkah Scene

Praised be Thou O Lord

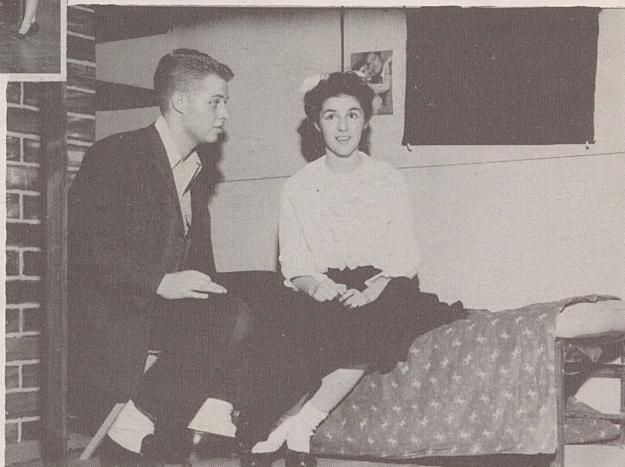
The Climax



I've told Mrs. Van Daan it's selfish of her
to keep this coat.



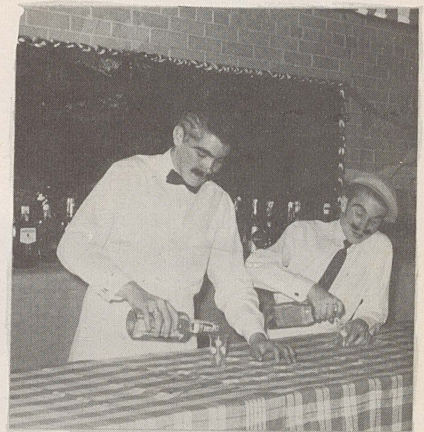
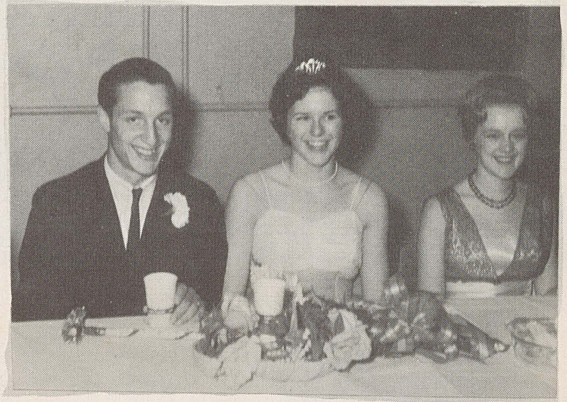
The Dearness of you Peter.

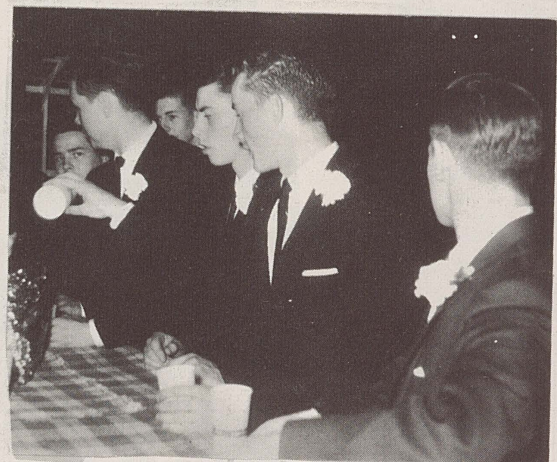
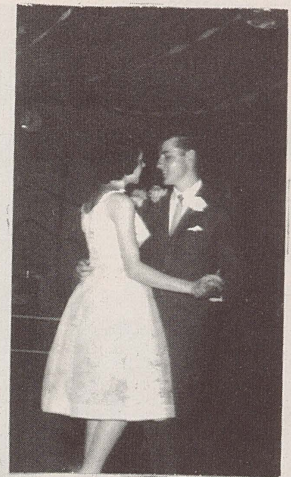
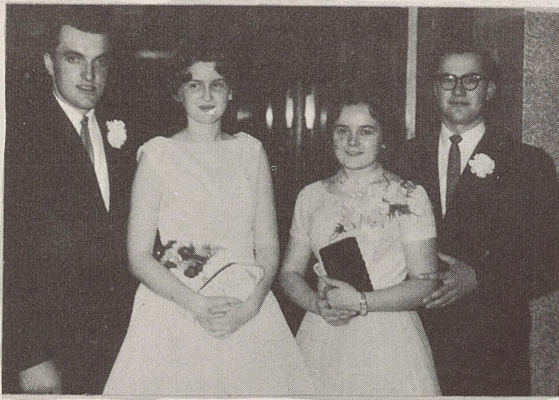


1961 MAY PROM



Our new Queen - Marcia Richardson



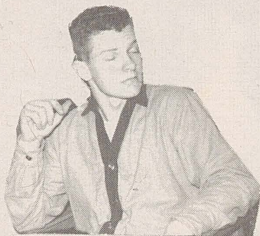




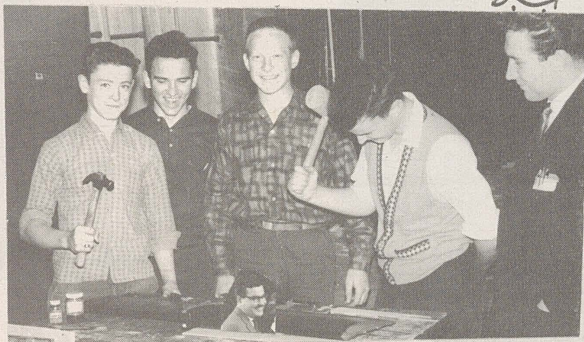
all suits Pending after
 looking at the
 following two
 pages are not
 the Yearbook's
 responsibility
 ~ ~ ~ Calyde Didit



"The Proud ones"



yes?



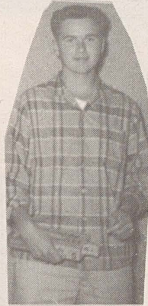
"Revenge"



BUD DAVIES
 DJ



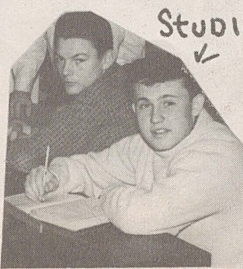
Chow line!



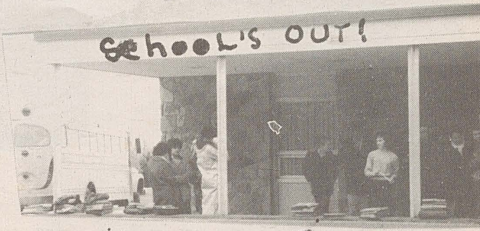
"Oh Those Dances!"

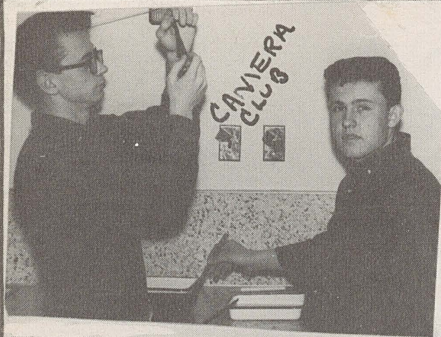


Studious?

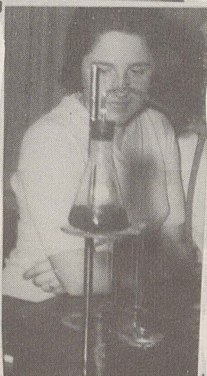


SCHOOL'S OUT!

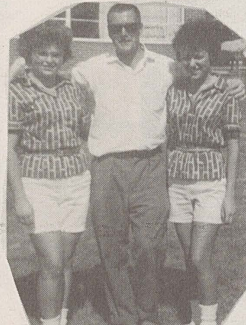
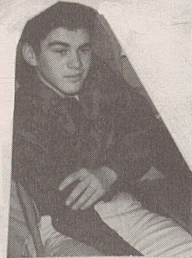




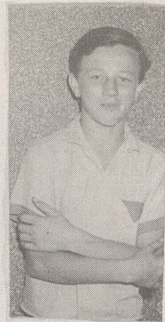
"Who's for lunch"



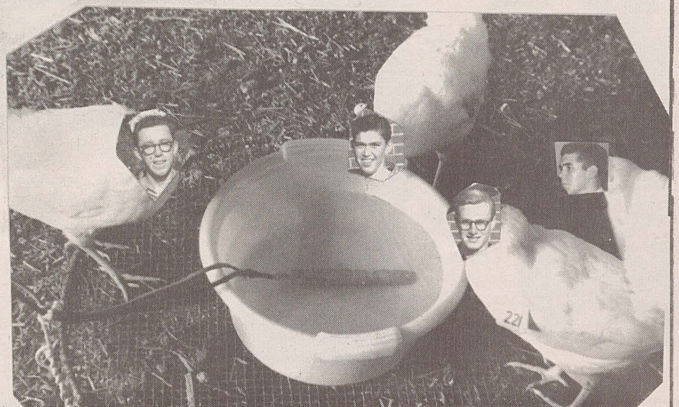
IT MIGHT WORK!



"CAMPUS ROMEO"



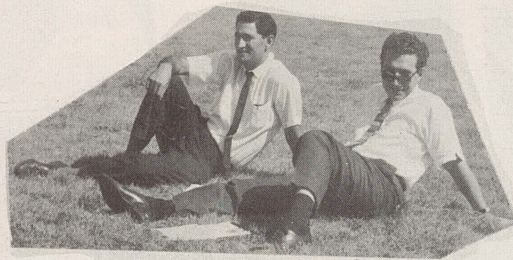
"Our Champs"



C.C. YOUNG & CO.



FOR ME?



TEACHERS?



NO MATTER HOW HARD I
TRY IT ONLY COMES
TO 49



"Smilie"



Please Pass
the Sodium
chlorate



HE'S GETTING READY
FOR HOLLYWOOD



The
Undisputable
ONE



GO AHEAD
AND TRY
IT!



T'AIN'T THAT
SWEET

VA
VA

Voom!
//



AND ON
THIS
FILM....

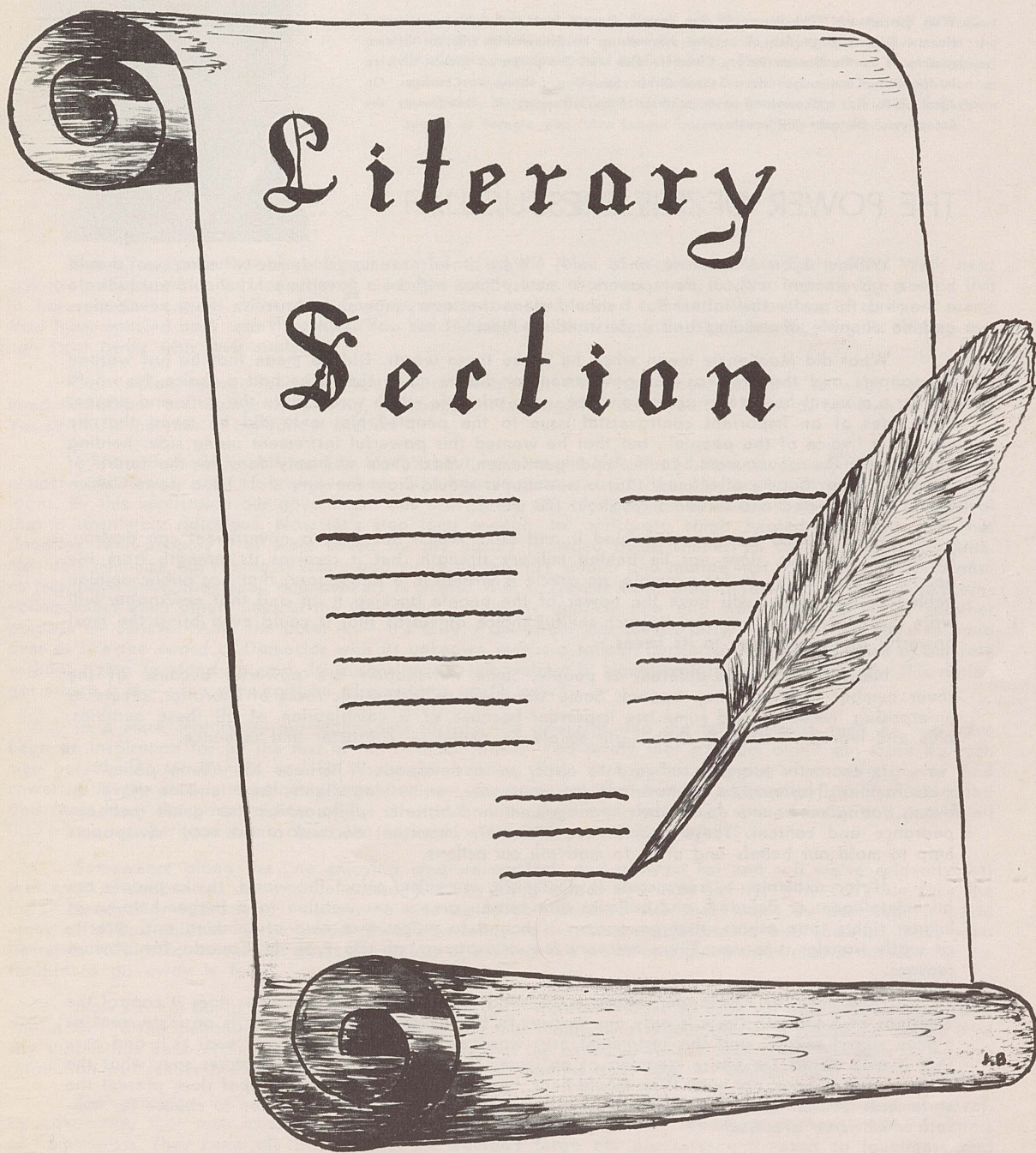


I
WISH
THEY
WOULD
SMILE
ALL
THE
TIME



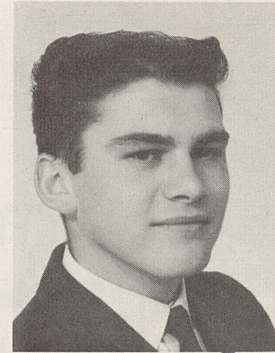
MRS NEWMAN CAN
TEACH ANYONE HOME
EC.





GEORGE LOSCHER

With this speech "The Power Of The Press", George won the right to represent Harrow District High School in the Adventures in Citizenship trip to Ottawa sponsored by the Harrow Rotary Club. He also won the prepared speech division in the Five County Secondary School Public Speaking Contest in Chatham. On April 25th he spoke along with winners from all parts of Ontario at the Ratepayers' Banquet in Toronto.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS . . .

William Lyon MacKenzie once said, "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive those newspapers and be capable of reading and understanding them".

What did MacKenzie mean when he spoke these words. Did he mean that he just wanted newspapers and that he was anti-government or did he mean that if he had a choice, he would not for a moment hesitate to accept an idea, — a principle which would state the truth and present both sides of an important controversial issue to the people? Not only did he mean that he wanted a "voice of the people", but that he wanted this powerful instrument along side, holding hands with the government. Ladies and gentlemen, MacKenzie not only foresaw the future of the newspaper, but he also knew that a newspaper would from the very start be a power which would be respected and feared throughout the world.

A newspaper has power behind it and in it, which not even a government can destroy. Its power, however, does not lie behind military strength, but it receives its strength from the people of the nation. If, for example, an article is written in a newspaper, that has public opinion behind it, that paper will have the power of the people backing it up and that newspaper will write that story in such a way, by such skillful choice of words that it could even bring the most powerful of governments to its knees.

Newspapers are as different as people. Some newspapers are powerful because of the sheer number to which they appeal. Some stand out as journalistic rocks of Gibraltar, others as enterprising livewires. And some are important because of a combination of all these qualities, plus and ingrained strength that might simply be called — character and influence.

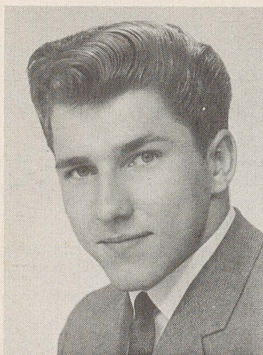
Is character too prim a word to apply to a newspaper? Perhaps the "term policy" is more familiar. Newspapers do have policies, you know, underlying slants they tend to have on events, attitudes bound up in their management and histories, philosophies that guide their appearance and content. These policies are extremely important because of the way newspapers help to mold our beliefs and often to motivate our actions.

If for example, a newspaper is pessimistic or cynical about the world, thinks people are all unintelligent or deluded, and believes that certain groups are entitled to a bigger helping of human rights than others, that newspaper is bound to reflect that kind of thinking and directly or subtly transfer it to you. There are very few newspapers of this type in Canada for obvious reasons.

How does the newspaper influence the minds and actions of man? How does it control the emotions of a nation? There is only one answer to this question. A newspaper is an instrument as I have stated before, and this instrument uses words and chooses words with such skill and care that it may distort the entire meaning of an issue. To put it in short a newspaper says what the people want to hear, not what they should hear, by this I mean, that a newspaper does present the statements of both sides, but it does not give enough information for a person to choose for himself which issue is correct.

A newspaper does rely on facts and on information, but the downfall of the newspaper is that it re-arranges news so that it is alive and interesting to the reader and these facts which are written and presented are true, but to a certain extent the whole truth of that fact is lost in the vocabularies of the paper. So we see that the power of the press depends not only on the strength of the people, but also on truth and as Emerson, the great poet, once said, "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you will, you can never have both."

—GEORGE LOSCHER, 11A



HENRY FAUST

Henry won the local Rotary Award with this speech, "The Fallacy of Fallout Shelters". He then went on to win in the impromptu speech division in the Five County Secondary School Public Speaking Contest in Chatham. Later he placed second among all the finalists in Ontario in the impromptu speech division at the Ontario Ratepayers Association Banquet in Toronto. The title of his impromptu speech at Toronto was "Are Labour Unions Strangling Our Economy".

FALLOUT SHELTERS . . .

I don't suppose that any of you even heard of the town of Isiola in remote East Africa. Well, near this town there isn't a surface sign of mud and wattle huts, thatched roofs, or even tepees. The people live in holes in the ground. Whenever anyone approaches them with a camera in the batting of an eye it seems they have scurried back into their huts. You see they believe that this little black box flashing its shining eye can steal away with their souls.

Superstition, savage ignorance you say, or just stupid. Well, how about us? Look at what we enlightened Canadians are doing; advertising, building, putting together do it yourself holes of our own to hide in. Yes sir this is the year of the fallout shelter.

I know that you've all read so much about how we can hide in and save our lives that by now you're almost conditioned, sort of brain-washed. Sign-boards glare at us; fallout shelters approved for Government loans. By this implication our government has placed the official stamp of approval upon a mode of survival that is absolutely ridiculous. Now let's stop long enough to anticipate some heated questions. I'm not doubting that peoples lives were saved by the hastily provided bomb shelters in London during the Blitz. Nor do I minimize the fox-holes many and many an infantry soldier and marine had to dig from Quadacanal to Iwo Jima. Teck, they even dug bunkers in World War I. Farther back than that they did some fancy tunneling under each others lines in the Civil War. But this is another age and we're digging in for another purpose — survival. And, the point is — it's folly. I am afraid, not for the dirty bomb that has come to hang over us like the sword of Damocles with its unknown insidious fallout, but for a placid exceptance of our fate without trying to stand up and do a constructive thing about it. Have we forgotten so soon how this nation got where it is — the very epitome of greatness up till now?

In a mere century by our willingness to take the offensive and die for liberty if need be, we have been an inspiration for all the rest of the troubled world. And surely that freedom didn't get there by such men as John A. MacDonald and Sir W. Laurier building their own coffins, digging their own graves and cowering in the ostrich technique. Remember how our ancestors, that handful of freedom lovers, dared stand and face down the prize soldiers of the strongest nation there was; face them with audacity and guts. Well that's how our heritage came about the heritage with which we tamper today.

Somewhere along the line enjoying creature comforts and growing fat and soft we've evidently lost that spark. Freedom has come to be accepted, taken for granted, and used lightly. Why can't we face the truth? Freedom and Liberty will always have to be fought for otherwise they won't be deserved. A good many of us and millions to come must always be ready to be most uncomfortable and some of those must be ready to die. To accept this pious discomfort of making like moles and going underground to wait for the trouble to go away is folly.

Now I'm not going to interject statistics made with words I'd have to look up and which might force you in turn to the dictionary in order to prove to you that hiding in a fallout shelter is ridiculous. Suffice it to say that it has been estimated by nuclear scientists that the expected fallout from these weapons of massive retaliation will render it impossible to live — not for six months or a year — but for some 23,000 years.

That escapism isn't the terrible part of this new housing deal with the official government approval. By advocating that such existance is possible, we are playing right into the hands of those master planners of Communism. They knew all the time that we wouldn't forgo our pleasures and resort to toughness and fight.

I emphasize go back and read Lenin and Carl Marx. If they're too far back then return only to Stalin. If a dead man's word's don't matter then listen to one who's still alive: Khrushchev has said, "The schedule is set and the Soviet train is on time!" Then he continued with his wild tirade and threat that they were going to bury us. We seem to be saving them that trouble. We're advocating burying ourselves.

How can we advocate that passive resistance and still hold up our heads? Any persons who sanction

(continued on next page)

FALLOUT SHELTERS (continued)

such hog-wash should review the facts of the Nuclear Age in connection with the Communist time-table. Think back to the first Berlin crisis when we had to resort to the air lift. Then skip to Korea, to Hungary, and Laos. Consider Castro's Cuba and finally Berlin again, with it's current problem of the knife of Communism twisting, twisting, twisting.

As General Douglas MacArthur so ably put it, "And we retaliate with prolonged indecision." Yes, this retreat into things dubbed fallout shelters is more of the same programme of procrastination dreamed up by the advocates of delay.

Canada's greatest weakness today may be the neutrals — within as well as without. People who won't stand deserve to fall. What exactly is this thing we inherited that we must defend with our lives? If all were defending are bricks and mortar, factories, cars, refrigerators, gadgets, places, and pleasures, then we'll lose them. You may be certain of that. We are supposed to be defending freedom and the dignity of the individual; and the right to be masters of ourselves and of our own government, and to be servants only to God. Defend? We must not only defend. We must take the offensive. We must fight for these ideas, these freedoms, and these blessings on this island in a vast sea of hate and fear. Containment of Communism is only the beginning.

Not in misiles, not in armys, not in bombs, not in the U.N, not even in world government, but in the hearts of free men lies the only hope of lasting peace in the world. This nation was founded by men who believed in God, in individual freedom. Whether we survive as free men or die as slaves depends on whether or not we can resurrect our moral strength. We must fear slavery more than war.

The wages of wealth are comfort, complacency, caution and cowardice. We must prefer to die on our feet rather than on our knees to an oppressor. Who, we or the Communists have the fanatical will to survive? Dante said, "The hottest places in hell are reserved for those who in a period of moral crisis remain neutral." What is more neutral than hiding? The time has come to stand and be counted and to stand tall. Now when the Commie train is blowing loud for the station — the freedom — shall we dig in? Shall we hide and just wait for it to arrive?



THE PRICE OF FREEDOM . . .

The price of freedom is sometimes very high. Each East German who threw rocks at a Russian tank knew something about its cost. He knew when all other efforts failed that he must defend liberty with his life. He knew when he joined others on June 17, 1953 in a revolt against Communist control that the revolt might fail, that he and his associates might be killed or sent to slave labour camp. He fought nonetheless, joining thousands of other brave men through history who have struggled for liberty.

All around the perimeter of the Communist held zone, from the Arctic Ocean to the Sea of Japan, there is a barrier which has come to be known as the Iron Curtain. The Iron Curtain is a wall between two completely different worlds, one Communist and the other Non-Communist. This is a barrier which is almost completely impossible to cross without risking certain death if caught. No other frontier between nations is as frightful!

What lies behind these elaborate precautions? Why have the Communists erected such formidable barriers to anyone trying to cross their borders?

Communists are afraid, not of the armed forces of their neighbours, but rather they fear the truth. Anyone travelling through the Iron Curtain from east to west could take with him more information about what is happening under Communism. Conversely, anyone travelling in the other direction might bring with him the ideas of freedom to an enslaved world.

Behind the Iron Curtain lies Communism. The ideas of freedom are prohibited in this zone. Above all else, Communism cannot tolerate the penetrating light of truth which would reveal to its captive peoples a concept of life that is not totally controlled.

The Soviet Union is a highly centralized slave empire. The masters of this empire are well aware that their most powerful enemies are knowledge and understanding. They cannot afford to have their subjects know the facts about the world in which they live. Nor can they tolerate the possibility that truth or knowledge from the outside will penetrate to the people within.

Up until this very moment, people have been running from Communism. For a few of them it was easy, but there were others who had to fight all the way. They hid by day and ran all night, their hearts pounding at every shadow and every footstep. From every Communist country they have come, old ones, men and women,

little children, some of them running wildly, others creeping inch by inch. These people come from all walks of life, farmers, professors, scientists, soldiers, artists, clerks, and politicians. They had a courage that most of us lack! And these people, remember, were the lucky ones. For every person who got through there were countless others who did not make it, or never had the chance to try.

Why did they flee? To this question there are many answers.

The apartment and the town in which the Communist subject lives are decisions someone else makes for him. The type of job he can get, the place he works, his wages, his hours, these are all determined for him. He has been educated for a trade or profession, but he did not decide what it would be. What food he eats and what he pays for it are up to someone else. The clothes and the shoes he wears are what he has been told he may wear. All his entertainment, his reading, the paintings and the plays he sees, is selected for him. If he is allowed to attend some type of a church it is what someone else has decided he may hear. If he votes in the next election as he probably will to avoid trouble, he will not choose his candidate, this too will be done for him. In the Soviet Union there exists no right of habeas corpus. A Soviet lawyer cannot confine his tasks merely to the interests of the client, but must always think first of the interests of the state.

Not content to control the liberties of its people, Communism must also control their minds, and the knowledge which is available to them.

To maintain itself, the regime has a complete monopoly over all forms of life. A constitution serves as a formal justification of democracy; but the basic principle of democracy, which is the right to hold and express views which are different from those in power, is neither present nor permitted.

To the people whose faith has been shattered, to those who have been victimized, the failure of Communism has been enormous. To these people as to so many others, Communism has been a betrayal.

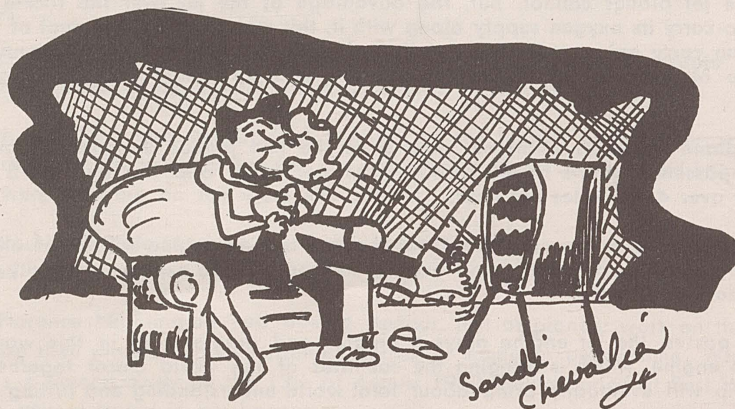
Millions of people have recognized the true face of Communism too late. With the echo of a promise for autonomy or independence ringing in his ears, the Communist subject finds that his democratic right is the duty to vote for the candidate put before him. His right to work is the obligation to work for a subsistence wage without protest. His right to freedom is the possibility of being seized by the secret police and sentenced to slave labour. His right to knowledge permits him only those ideas and facts which Communism decides he may have.

Everywhere that Communism has come, the same story is repeated. The flight of thousands of men and women, the bitter resistance and the hatred of the regime, the refusal to return once freedom is gained, these are not confined to any one nationality, to any class, to any group of people. Every individual who has lived under Communism, who believes in the decency of the individual, is opposed to it. Communism's constant enemy is the nature of man himself, with his instincts for moral freedom, personal integrity, and spiritual independence.

Every individual who has won his freedom at the price of great personal danger and sacrifice is resolved to maintain it at all costs!

Contrary to all that Communism believes, it is not the system, but the soul which gives meaning to life. It is the soul that separates each individual from the masses and at the same time he is one of them. The individual is important because he is a human being and each man, regardless of his race or rank, is entitled to the same respect and the same consideration that are due all other men!

—DINIE BROERE, 12A, Senior Girls' Champion



JET PROPULSION . . .

Did you know the first recorded use of jet propulsion took place over 2,400 years ago? A man named Archytas flew a small wooden pigeon which was propelled by steam from a small boiler inside its hollow body. This was jet propulsion.

Then, in approximately 40 B.C. the Chinese invented gun powder. They began experimenting with this powder and soon developed many rocket weapons and sky rockets, just like the ones that we fire off on Queen Victoria's birthday. It is said that one man, whose name was Wan Hu, attached 50 sky rockets to a chair. He seated himself and then told his servant to light the fuse. The rockets went off with a tremendous explosion. If the story is true, Wan Hu was the first man to attempt rocket-powered flight. Unfortunately, Wan Hu was never heard of or seen again. Rockets have been developed through the ages until now we have giant machines such as the Atlas, which can almost hit the moon. On the last attempt by the United States to hit the moon, it only missed by 25,000 miles!

The idea of the jet propulsion engine is not new, for as we have seen it traces its lineage back through time to the first rocket.

Not many years ago, the man most responsible for the jet plane drew up his first plans for a jet engine. It was the year 1929 and the man was Frank Whittle, an Englishman. Because of difficulty in obtaining funds for his project, Whittle was unable to build this gas turbine engine until 1937, when it first ran. This engine was being continually improved and developed and in the first years of the war it was used only in experimental planes. But in May, 1944, Whittle and his associates delivered the first jet planes to the R.A.F. In July of that same year the planes went into action against Germany's V-1 rockets. By the end of the war, the world had entered the jet age.

The next significant step with jet propulsion took place on October 14, 1947. This was when the United States' experimental plane, the X-1 flew faster than the speed of sound at ground level. This was man's first supersonic flight. It was a stepping stone to faster flights to come as man reached for space.

Jet propulsion is simply explained by Newton's third law of dynamics which states "To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction". Actually, nature was first with this idea. For ages the squid has been travelling by taking in, then, ejecting water. This action of ejecting water causes a reaction which pushes the squid in the opposite direction. The same basic principle is what propels jet planes and rockets.

The operation of the gas turbine jet engine is really quite simple. Air, which contains oxygen, rushes into the engine. It is compressed and mixed with a fine spray of fuel. The average compressor in one of these engines exerts enough force to hurl a ten pound object fifteen miles into the sky. This mixture of fuel and oxygen then enters the combustion chamber where it is ignited by the burners. The exhaust from this combustion pushes the nozzle, or front of the engine, forward. This is what propels jet aircraft. Unlike the rocket engine which carries its oxygen supply along with it, the gas turbine engine draws the oxygen that it needs for combustion from the air. Because of this, rockets are capable of being used in outer space, which is a vacuum, while jet planes cannot. But, the advantage of the jet over the rocket is this: since the rocket has to carry its oxygen supply along with it, this makes up a great deal of weight, therefore a rocket can carry only a relatively small payload. The jet motor, by comparison, while drawing on the atmosphere for its oxygen, saves greatly in weight and so has a much higher payload.

The jet plane has taken enormous steps since the first planes designed by Whittle. Today the average jet passenger plane travels at 600 miles per hour, and the Bell X-15 experimental plane has flown over 4,000 miles per hour.

Most aeronautical engineers agree that the gas turbine engine will eventually replace the ordinary gas engine in most planes, and even in helicopters. The extreme simplicity of this engine makes it quite easy for repairs.

As time passes, the jet engine plays a greater and greater role in this world of ours. I believe that this engine, which is bringing the countries of the world closer together in distance and in friendship will eventually bring about total world understanding and lasting peace.

—JOHN McDONALD, 10C, Junior Boys' Champion

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE . . .

Florence Nightingale was born on May 15th, 1820 in an Italian village called Florence. As you all can tell, she had been named after this village. She was the daughter of wealthy English parents. As for her studies, her father was her teacher. Florence studied languages, art, literature, history and science. After her lessons were over she spent hours caring for her large family of dolls. She often imagined that one of them had broken a bone or come down with a mysterious fever. When she grew older she went about caring for sick aunts and cousins and for the poor people in the villages where she lived.

There were two very different sides to her life. As a daughter of a man in position and wealth she enjoyed all the pleasures of country society. On the other hand she had a vocation to be a nurse and care for the sick villagers who adored her. Her parents, who were rich, expected her to be a society woman only, that is, have no profession as was the custom of wealthy women. In their eyes she was disgracing their name. Little did they know that some day she would bring fame. In 1851 she took her first training at an institute in Germany. She also studied in Paris. She visited many hospitals in many parts of Europe. On her return to England in 1853 she became superintendent of a hospital for governesses.

In 1854 British soldiers were fighting in the Crimean, where there was a war between Russia and Turkey. Great Britain and France were on Turkey's side. The English newspapers told how English soldiers were dying in the hospitals because they did not receive proper care. The British secretary of War asked Florence to be Lady-in-Chief of a group of nurses. She brought with her thirty-eight nurses and arrived on November 4, 1854.

She and her white-capped nurses set about scrubbing floors, making mattresses, and washing the wounded. The half-starved soldiers were fed fresh, nourishing food every few hours. Soon she was placed in charge of all the British military hospitals in this area.

Every night Florence Nightingale made rounds at the hospital carrying a lamp. She would smile at one soldier or stop to say a few words of comfort to another. The grateful men called her "the lady with the lamp". She sometimes passed along four miles of beds.

In spring of 1855 Florence came down with the Crimean fever. She lay very ill for 12 days but she would not return for England. She stayed until peace was signed and the hospitals were closed.

In the summer of 1856 she sailed home on a French ship. On her arrival she went quietly to Derbyshire while all England was preparing a grand reception. A group of people went together and presented her with a large amount of money. She entered this money into an arrangement by which she placed into the hands of trustees for the training of girls who wished to become hospital nurses.

Perhaps the crowning glory of Florence Nightingale's professional career came in 1871 when the training school of the new St. Thomas Hospital in London was opened.

Though an "old and overworked invalid" as she termed herself, Florence was active in mind, and during the last years of her life she was always ready to cheer and hearten the younger women who were carrying on the work she started.

Florence Nightingale received the Order of Merit in 1907, an honour which had never before been conferred on a woman.

Thus Florence Nightingale had double honour, first of pioneer work on the field of battle in war time and then pioneer work of training nurses at home in peace time. When she was 90 years of age she passed away on the 13th of August 1910, being buried at East Wellon in Hampshire. There is now a statue in her honour.

—MARY KORDYBAN, 10B, Junior Girls' Champion

RELIGION IN OUR TIME . . .

Religion in our time should be a concern of everyone. Since there are many religions, many people's beliefs are influenced in many ways; for example, when one is dismayed and discouraged, one may think: "To be, or not to be; that is the question". One religion of our modern day may influence us to think one way about this situation; another may influence us to think otherwise. "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so." What does the majority think about this statement? If one could listen to a debate or discussion of the matter, one would find that the thought of religion is often in the minds of those concerned. Thus, it is illustrated that religion in our time is an important factor; that it should concern all the quick.

Not only does religion influence our thinking, it influences our character. If we have a good religion, one may acquire a good disposition. By having a good disposition, we may, in turn have a good influence on others. Strong, sincere faith in God will cause a "chain reaction". We display our trust, we offer our prayers. Our prayers are answered and we realize we are in peace at heart. We become courageous but most important, we express our sincerity. By acquiring a good religion, we express our firm beliefs, and become better living persons basically. We are shown good traits of religion in everyday life. We realize the fact that there are many religions from which to choose, a question comes to mind how can one feel safe, secure, and at peace without some kind of religion? Is one able to be comfortable realizing there is no first or last sacrament for him? Everyone should realize that religion in our times should be one of the first, important factors of life.

—SONIA DAY, 12B

TO HEAR DAD TELL IT . . .

There would be savage beasts roaming the country and giant fish ravaging our waterways if my dad hadn't put an end to their vicious pursuits. Immediately you are thinking, "Who could this boy's father be?" Well, my dad is just an ordinary man on the street. However, when I finish telling you the stories that father told me, I am sure that you will think that he is a born hunter.

My father's hunting trip story is filled with feats of bravery. The way dad tells it, he and four of his friends were camped beside a quiet stream up north. Suddenly a giant grizzly bear leaped from a nearby tree onto the tent. Miraculously, my father emerged from the tent unscathed. He aimed his puny rifle at the beast and fired one perfect shot between the eyes. The bear came tumbling down. For some reason or other, the photo taken of the bear shows one of dad's friends standing victoriously over the bear, but the way dad tells it he was reloading his rifle at the time.

My dear old dad also told me a fish story. He and the same friends were fishing up north in one of the small Muskoka lakes. The five men threw out their lines and immediately they all had hooked a hungry fish. Due to their lack of skill all the men soon lost their dinners except my dad. He told me that he fought with the fish for two hours, then finally landed it. Dad told me that it was a small whale. Again for some strange reason a photo showed another man holding up the fish. My dad told me that he had let him.

Now that you have heard of my dad's daring exploits in the Canadian wilds, I am sure that you feel grateful to him for ridding us of these two great menaces. Don't you think he reminds you of Ramar of the Jungle?

—JOHN McDONALD, 10C

THE FIREPLACE ON CHRISTMAS EVE . . .

To me every Christmas Eve is a milestone in my life because I reckon my New Year from this wonderful night. The blazing fire in the front room when all of day's activity is stilled, is my fondest remembrance throughout the year.

I remember the particular prettiness of the fireplace as I sit and watch. Our many Christmas cards are strung with red ribbon in gay rows, on the side wall above the fireplace. On the left corner of the granite ledge, almost out of reach of the fire's cheerful light, there is a bottle of Coke for Santa, in keeping with an old family tradition. For this special night, five lighted green candles sit on the ledge as the centerpiece. The beautiful fire casts a rosy glow throughout the darkness of the room. From the back of the ledge, the family pictures seem to smile at me as flickering light from the open fire shines on them. Mother's treasured old silver teapot on the coffee table beside the fire seems to live as smoke and sparks rise and dance from the fire.

As I gaze the fire seems to magically draw me right into it to deep thought. I remember my troubles and joys, flisses, and trials. I try to image the Christmases of long ago. Suddenly a loud crack from the fire reminds me that I must be getting to bed.

—JOHN McCORMICK, 9A

THE PLEASURES OF SKIING . . .

If you have ever, during the course of your life, attempted to ski, you will know the pleasant memories that the word, "skiing" can recall. The adventures are numerous, the benefits and memories are worthwhile and exciting. People from all corners of the world truly enjoy this sport. I shall attempt to recapture the trials, tribulations and joys of a skier.

To a beginner, even the gentle slopes appear terrifying. He grasps two poles, one in each hand, plucks up his courage, and plunges the poles into the snow-covered earth. He gradually moves downhill, but to him, he is moving at a terrifically high speed. Soon, his awkward skis begin to fluctuate, and the skier tumbles to the ground. Before long, the person emerges from under the snow, and returns to the hill, determined to learn.

When the skier becomes more experienced and adventurous, he endeavours to conquer the higher hills. Once again, he stands at the crest of a mountain. The tall silver birches rise above him. But his feelings this time are changed, he is more poised and confident. The frosty air whips across his face until it tingles. The thrill which one possesses, as he weaves to and fro, is a rare and beautiful gift.

After a season of skiing, the once, self-conscious beginner, is transformed into a skier. I only wish that everyone could have the opportunity to receive the pleasure of skiing.

—KATHY DARBY, 10C

ON THE SANDS OF WAIKIKI BEACH . . .

Many of us have had the pleasant dream of spending a luxurious week bathing on the cool sands at Waikiki Beach, where the happy shouts of children playing in the warm ocean break the stillness of the day. The picturesque scene of a sleek sailing ship gliding through the water comes into view. A gentle breeze, which greets us as we stretch out on the quiet beach, rustles the leaves of the towering palm trees along the beach.

At night this quiet scene soon changes. After a brilliant sunset, the gaily dressed native girls do some real hip-swinging dances to the enchanting melodies played by a native orchestra. Soon the people join in singing gay-spirited songs. Laughter and singing is heard along the quiet beach, as people forget their troubles and join in the fun. They continue dancing merrily under a heaven of sparkling stars, until they are too tired to continue. After they leave all is silent except for the gentle splash of the waves hitting the shore.

—KEN HERNIMAN, 12A

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